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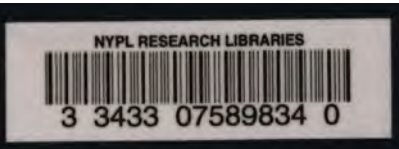
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CARTMEL

FOLLIOT

Cartmel Parish Church.

CARTMEL PARISH, AND PARISH CHURCH:

AND

SERMONS PREACHED THEREIN.

BY THE

Rev. William Tolliott, B.A.,

AUTHOR OF THE "CHRISTIAN'S DREAM."

LONDON:
WERTHEIM AND MACINTOSH,
24, PATERNOSTER-ROW.
1854.

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LONDON:
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24, PATERNOSTER-ROW

TO THE

PARISHIONERS OF CARTMEL,

IN LABOURING AMONGST WHOM,

HE PASSED SOME OF HIS HAPPIEST YEARS,

This Book,

THAT BRIEFLY RECORDS SOME OF

THE VERY MANY NATURAL BEAUTIES OF CARTMEL,

IS DEDICATED,

AS A MARK OF GRATITUDE,

IN RETURN FOR

THE VERY LARGE MEASURE OF KINDNESS

RECEIVED BY HIM

FROM ALL ORDERS AND DEGREES,

BY

THEIR AFFECTIONATE FRIEND

THE AUTHOR.

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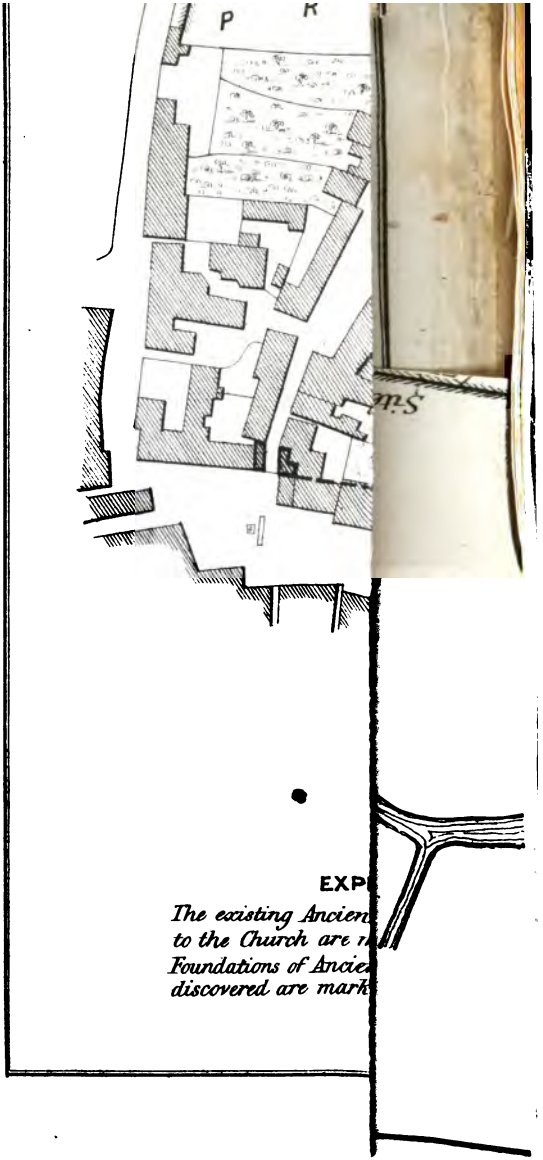
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CARTMEL PARISH, AND PARISH CHURCH.

THE town of Cartmel is of very ancient date: its name (says Dr. Whittaker) is evidently British, being from *Kert*, a camp or fortification, and *Mell*, a fell,—the fortress among the fells. Mention is made of it as early as the year 677. Camden says, the British settled here 677, two hundred and twenty-eight years after the arrival of the Saxons, and Egfred, King of Northumberland, gave St. Cuthbert the land, and all the Britons in it.

After this, there is a chasm of five hundred years in the history of Cartmel. What part the inhabitants took in the contests between the Saxons and the Danes is unknown, nor is the parish inserted in the Domesday-book: and the next known fact relating to the place is

the foundation of a Priory for Canons regular of St. Augustine, by Wm. Marshall the elder, Earl of Pembroke, A.D. 1188. Of the history of this Priory little is known, except what can be collected from the remains. It is known, however, that at the time of the Dissolution there were eight religious and thirty-eight servants, and that the site was granted (32d of Henry VIII.) to Thomas Holcroft, of whom the Priory Church must either have been claimed by the town as parochial, or purchased while entire. The parish of Cartmel is of considerable extent, being from North to South, in its greatest length, fifteen miles, and from East to West from four to five miles on the average.

It is bounded on the East for about six miles by the upper part and Eastern branch of the Bay of Morecambe, and afterwards by the river Winster, which divides it from Westmoreland. Nearly from the source of this stream, so called from the windings of its course (for *Winster* is *the Winder*), a short imaginary line, drawn to the eastern margin of Windermere, divides the parish and peninsula of Cartmel from Bowness. Turning

southward, first the lake and then the Leven, its outlet, constitute the boundary, down to the Leven sands, and to their last expansion in the Bay of Morecambe. It is singular that the parish of Cartmel, although a part of the county of Lancaster, nowhere comes in contact with the body of it.

The scenery of the parish is various, and exhibits a very lovely combination, indeed, such a combination as is rarely met with. Some localities are distinguished for the wild beauty of their hills and mountains; some for the clear tranquil waters of their pellucid lakes; some for their noble, deep-flowing rivers, rolling on their waters in echoing grandeur to meet the ocean; some for the coming and the going of the restless deep; some for undulating lawns, upon which are sentinelled trees, whose broad circumferences are the growth of ages, and for mansions, where many lordly generations have arisen, and been gathered to their fathers. Many places can boast of several of the beauties above enumerated, but there scarcely is the other tract of country of the same extent in England as the parish of Cartmel, that can combine all these varied

excellencies. On the east of the town there rises a hill of no contemptible height, from which a panorama of unequalled beauty may be seen. In one direction the mountains of the lakes appear in all their towering grandeur: the old man of Coniston, and Helvellyn, the Langdales, and their other aged brothers.

Looking in another quarter, the tide is seen rushing up Morecambe Bay with its daily current of impetuous waters. So noble is this sight that one is almost tempted to apply to this lofty post of observation the words of Horatius Flaccus,—

"Tamen illic vivere vellem,
Neptunum procul e terra spectare furentem."

Turning more fully to the east, the eye is gladdened with the sight of the Yorkshire Ingleborough; and slightly changing the direction on a favourable day the Welsh mountains are visible in the distance.

Looking down upon the town, and country immediately lying around it, oh, how lovely is the scenery!

When the ancient church is gilded with the beaming rays of a cloudless sun, when the

wind is hushed, and no dark vapour is floating in the air, the picture then is perfect fairy land. The Church of St. Mary's, rearing its head, whitened by the roll of six hundred years and more, surrounded by the fair-looking houses, resembles most some aged grand-dame, around whom are gathered her well-loved grand-children; and if it be harvest, and if "the valley stand thick with corn," it would need only a very little stretch of imagination to make a spectator believe that the age of golden virtue had again come round. Indeed, it is difficult to imagine that even Adam, in all the beauty of Paradise, looked upon a much fairer landscape than that which meets the eye, when, from the summit of Hamp's Fell, the valley of Cartmel is seen lit up with the setting lustre of an autumnal sun. From the summit of the church's tower, also, many rich prospects may be gained. In the south, the sea; in the north, the lovely valley studded with handsome mansions, and stretching onwards in the way that leads to Windermere. In the east, the Fell, of which mention has been made above, Hamp's Fell, whose rock-crowned summit and sides, bare halfway down, impart

a striking contrast to the whole. In the west is Howbarrow, and also in the west, tree-clad St. Bernard supplies the foliage that Hamp's Fell lacks. In a word, look where you will, a landscape worthy of the noblest painter will claim your notice and your praise.

A resident in Cartmel has a choice of many roads, along which he can walk or ride or drive with pleasure. Newby-bridge, so celebrated, at the foot of Windermere, is within easy distance, and can be approached by several routes, either of which will furnish a rich repast for the lovers of nature's beauty; but perhaps the road through Broughton, and by Bigland-gate, through Backbarrow, deserves the highest commendation, on account of the many splendid views it can afford. Switzerland has been praised, but if any part of it can surpass the view that opens on the eye as one descends from Bigland-gate to Backbarrow, it has been justly praised. When the trees in this neighbourhood have put on their autumnal tints, the scenery is enchanting. At such a time the road from Backbarrow to Newby-bridge being nearly parallel, and close to the river Leven, is delightful.

Morecambe Bay, at the other side, is within very easy distance of Cartmel, along whose shore none can walk without at once acknowledging its almost unrivalled beauty. On Morecambe Bay is Grange—sweet, dear, lovely Grange—Grange, of which it may be said,—

"Dicas adductum propius frondere Tarentum."

If Grange be looked upon by one coming across the sands from Ulverstone from a distance of a mile or so, the scenery in the direction of the road that leads from Grange to Lindale, is very choice; and if from Grange the bay be seen and the surrounding coasts, a fairer or a finer sight is not to be desired.

Then within a few miles of Cartmel is Humphry Head, whose ancient yews, and giant cliff, and natural arch, and medicinal spring, will afford much pleasure to those who may find their way to its neighbourhood. Humphry Head commands an extensive view. At its base issues the medicinal spring above referred to; the waters of this spring enjoy an ancient fame; their purifying properties are much lauded. The combination here of head and spring and tide makes this a de-

sirable site for the erection of an hotel. It has been often said that if some such place were erected, visitors and tourists would gather together in crowds. Not far from Humphry Head is Wraysholme Tower, connected with which there are several traditions. One is, that in this tower resided, in the fourteenth century, Sir John Harrington, who destroyed the last wolf that existed in England; tradition also asserts that Oliver Cromwell's troops laid siege to this ancient habitation. Some of the old walls are still remaining. The appearance of the building has changed with the times; and the inmates, instead of being engaged in following the pursuits of Sir John Harrington, add to the happiness and wealth of the nation, in pursuing the noble and peaceful occupation of agriculture. Not far from Wraysholme is Allithwaite Lodge, a large house, nicely situated, well adapted for a large family. It has been untenanted for a few years; and for this no reason can be given, except that gentlemen in search of large houses in a charming locality have never heard of it. It has much to commend it; the least recommendation not being that it is within an easy

distance of Cartmel, Flookburgh, and Grange Churches. It should be noticed that Humphry Head is famed for the number and variety of its wild-flowers, as, indeed, is the greater portion of the valley of Cartmel. And in other directions the resident in Cartmel can find pleasant walks. Going from the town through the gate that opens on the west of the church into the Park, called "the Town Park," a pedestrian has a lovely walk before him. From this gate for nearly two miles the way leads through pasture and wooded land, the property of the Earl of Burlington. Portions of this are exquisite, particularly one portion of it, where evergreens, planted tastefully on either side, preserve, even in the depth of winter, especially if the sun be unobscured, the appearance and cheerfulness of summer. At the end of this rural walk is the main road from Cartmel, across which is the park, in which is situated Holker Hall, one of the residences of the Earl of Burlington. By the kindness of his Lordship all these grounds are open to all well-conducted people to walk in them; and a very great privilege it is, for on all sides are seen nature's beauties. Amid so

much that is lovely it is difficult to select any one part as an object of especial admiration; but perhaps it may be pardonable to say that to one seated in the summer-house called "Lady Grey's," the landscape is very pleasing. The stillness of the woods, added to the ancient majesty of the mountains that appear in front, would help to soothe an uneasy spirit. Not far from Holker is Waithom Wood; in this wood the lily of the valley grows spontaneously, and in rich abundance. At the season of its flowering, parts of the wood are covered thickly with it. And here other flowers may be gathered, wild-flowers, but not the less sweet for being wild. This wood is also worthy of notice, as from portions of it some splendid scenery can be observed.

And there are many other roads and pleasant ways in the neighbourhood of Cartmel, all well calculated to lure out into the open air, both old and young. Along the shore, and through the woods, up the hills and in the valley, lanes sheltered by their pleasant hedges, and adorned with wild-flowers in very great profusion. It is difficult to specify every beauty, for this would almost

be to name every nook and corner in the neighbourhood. Perhaps enough has been said to show how plentifully a good Creator has adorned it for man.

The Church is worthy of particular notice. Although nearly seven centuries have passed since its first foundation, it stands up in great solidity; and if, during coming years, it will receive care equal to what it received during the last thirty years, it will go down to posterity for ages yet to come.

Its external appearance is cruciform,—a square tower being in the centre; but the feature that most attracts the eye in an external survey, is the extraordinary appearance of the belfry, which is raised upon the arches of the centre tower, and stands a square within a square, the angles of the smaller square being formed at the middle points of the sides of the larger square,—a very simple problem in mathematics.

The interior of the church is divided into the chancel, north and south choir, north and south transept, the centre (being the portion immediately under the tower), and the west end. The chancel and transepts appear to be

portions of the original building, if we except the windows, which, for the most part, are of later date. The masonry is excellent, and of the true Norman pattern, perpendicular, and with little projection. The arches of the choir,—two only on each side,—are semicircular, and enriched with the usual ornaments of the age. A triforium, at one time, extended round the choir and transepts, but was stopped by the insertion of the large east window; whereas it must have traversed, as usual, the three lancet windows of the east end, traces of which may be discerned on the outside wall.

A general alteration of this church, particularly with respect to the windows, appears to have commenced about the time of Edward III., A.D. 1327. The large inserted windows, of the perpendicular style, are all of that period, according to Dr. Whittaker. The nave, or west end, seems to have been wholly rebuilt at some later period. The columns are angular, without mouldings, and the tracery of the windows approaches to the square-headed form, which was introduced a little after the year 1400. The four arches in the centre appear to have been taken down and put up afresh at some

period since their first erection. The stones (or many of them) composing the arch of the chancel, are different from the stones composing the pillars and the other three arches. It is, therefore, conjectured that at some time the four aforesaid arches were taken down, and the stones found in them being sufficient to build up anew three of the arches, they were accordingly built with these materials, while fresh materials were sought for the fourth arch.

This church escaped the destruction so widely dealt out to religious houses in the reign of Henry VIII., owing to its having been used prior to that time as a parish church, as well as the Church of the Convent. The south side of the principal choir is still to this day known by the name of the town choir, probably from the circumstance of the people of the town having assembled here for worship. This choir has been at some time widened considerably; and the inserted windows, which are the only specimens of the *decorated* style in the church, fix within certain limits the time of the alteration. After the period of the dissolution, the church was almost wholly neglected for nearly

one hundred years; insomuch so, that the roof of the chancel fell in, and the birds of the air had free access to it. At one time the chancel appears to have been used as a school-room,—a use, perhaps, not inappropriate at the time when so occupied. In the present day such appropriation is not needed; but if, in these days of theological colleges and institutions, a divinity class, preparatory to taking orders, for graduates or literates, were to be established in Cartmel, spacious lecture-rooms might be formed in the nave; and, with the retirement and healthy locality of Cartmel to recommend it, a Theological Institution, properly carried on, would most undoubtedly flourish. To remedy the ruinous state into which the church had fallen by the long neglect of the dissolution, in the year 1640, George Preston, Esq., of Holker, covenanted with the parish to repair it thoroughly, on certain conditions. He put an entirely new roof on the chancel, of timber and slate, and *also, as was thought at the time,* ornamented it with its present ceiling. He also restored the stalls of the choir, which are twenty-six in number; not in their original Gothic form, as in Lancaster Church, but in

the Grecian style, surmounted by Corinthian capitals, with sculptured heads.

The passion of our blessed Saviour is most beautifully represented in carved work, under a great variety of emblems.

In addition to these things, the same George Preston gave "a pair of organs" to the church, and the choir immediately adjoining the vestry-door appears to have been called the Piper Choir, from this musical appendage, which seems to have been there erected.

The present organ was erected by subscription in the year 1780.

In the year 1830, the floor of the church having become very uneven, by reason of frequent burials, the whole of it was relaid,—a considerable portion being covered with new flags, at an expense of about 150*l*.

The pulpit and desk were also then taken down, the oak work cleared of paint, with which it had been covered, and renovated; and the free seats were altered from plain benches without backs, into comfortable benches with backs. In the year 1831, the whole woodwork was painted a dark oak colour, corresponding with the carved work in the church. In the year

1849, the ceiling over the centre of the church being unsafe, it was taken down, and a new one of stained deal was placed in its stead. The pillars of the church had all been covered over with repeated coats of whitewash, until within the last few years, when a dewhitening process was begun, and now the majority are restored to their original state, showing the bare stone, much to the advantage of the general appearance of the church within.

When Dr. Whittaker wrote his account of this church, he wrote as follows:—"In this fine church, after the lapse of nearly two centuries, another Preston begins to be wanted. Indeed, about every conventual church there is an appearance of something between a cathedral and a ruin. Damp floors, green walls, and rotting beams—shelter just sufficient for owls and bats,—are the connecting links between the high and finished repair of the one, and the total abandonment of the other." But could Dr. Whittaker see it now, he would write very differently. Dewhitened pillars, and dewhitened walls, well-flagged floors, and comfortable seats, all crowned with great attention to dusting and sweeping, have trans-

formed this noble building into something very different from what it was in his time.

When the Rev. Thomas Remington entered upon the charge of this church, he found it in some such state as Dr. Whittaker described it; when he resigned, at the conclusion of last year, he left it, bearing many and manifest marks of the unremitting and anxious thought bestowed by him, during his incumbency, to the restoration of this ancient building. Owing to the great extent of the church, the cold in winter was found to be intense, and many old and infirm people were prevented from attending public worship. To remedy this great evil, in the autumn of last year, Mr. Remington having raised a subscription for that purpose, prepared the chancel for the celebration of divine service during the winter months, and, having contracted with Messrs. Shallow, of Cambridge, they fitted up an apparatus for heating the chancel with warm water; in consequence of which, the congregation, instead of enduring, as they were forced to endure in the body of the church, an atmosphere that was often down to freezing point,—have now the enjoyment of a

degree of warmth that is always comfortable, even in the severest frost.

Of things worthy of notice in the church, there is the very ancient tomb of William de Walton, the first Prior,—a beautiful and perfect slab of grey marble, inscribed with a flowered cross, and included within a plain arch, on the north side of the Communion-table. An epitaph runs round the margin in most plain and perfect Longobardic characters,—

"Hic jacet frater Wilelmus de Walton, Prior de Cartmel."

In the Piper Chapel are two other slabs of the same material, with crosses, but without inscriptions.

In one of these, the chalice is, by a very singular device, included within the ornamented head of the cross.

On the floor, near the tomb of Prior Walton, is another and much later memorial of one of his successors, on a free-stone slab, and in black letter.

On the opposite side, under an arch apparently modern, is the magnificent, but im-

perfect, monument of Sir John Harrington (as is supposed), who, in 1305, was summoned by Edward I., with others, to meet him at Carlisle, to attend him on his expedition into Scotland, and was there knighted with Prince Edward. This monument (according to Dr. Whittaker) presents many difficulties not to be accounted for, but by supposing much dislocation, and much unskilful restitution about the work.

At the east end of the town choir, there is an enclosure, appropriated to the remains of the Lowthers and Prestons of Holker Hall, which contains a number of superb monumental erections. The head of Sir William Lowther is eminently well executed.

In the vestry there is a large number of books, many of them being the works of the early Fathers. There is amongst them an ancient copy of Foxe's "Book of Martyrs," in two large volumes, in boards. These two volumes were formerly chained in the body of the church, for the information of all who chose to consult them. The frightful pictures in them of the way in which the principles of Romanism were carried into effect, are

enough to make us pray that the sweet toleration of New Testament Christianity may long cover our land.

There is also a very curious book, containing likenesses of the Bishops of Rome, from St. Peter, the first supposed Bishop, down to Gregory XIII.; those of Pio Nono and his predecessor have been lately added.

There is also in the vestry-room an umbrella, of colossal proportions, composed of canvass and wood. This was anciently used by the minister, when performing the burial service in wet weather. It is said to be two hundred years of age, or even more.

In some of the windows, there may still be seen some remains of stained glass, but very little compared with what existed formerly. Even at the commencement of the present century, the east window was well filled with it; but, owing to neglect, it gradually disappeared. The boys and girls of the village felt no scruple, when they needed a bit of stained glass, in throwing stones at this magnificent window. Such conduct, in the present day, would be considered very shocking barbarity.

In ancient documents mention is made of a

parsonage-house connected with the church. This parsonage-house is supposed to be the thatched-house in Barngarth, at present occupied by Mr. Jonathan Jackson, basket-maker.

By the Act of Uniformity passed in 1662, two clergymen were ejected from Cartmel parish, Philip Bennett and —— Camerford.

Three years afterwards, John Armstrong, B.D., was appointed, on whose nomination it does not appear, to the living of Cartmel. He appears to have been the first Incumbent that signed the parish books. On the 10th of March, 1667, an Act was passed requiring all magistrates and officers whatsoever to be vigilant in executing the laws in force against unlawful conventicles, strictly charging them to take care for the preservation of the kingdom against unlawful assemblies of Papists and Nonconformists. Mr. Armstrong seems to have gone through the parish and taken the names of the inhabitants in 1670 and 1679, and states the number of Protestants at 1,329; Papists, 29; Dissenters, 31. He seems to have been a laborious, painstaking, pious man: he resided at Garret-house (a house

within a short distance of the church), where he converted an outhouse into a sort of chapel, in which he read prayers, probably on Sunday evenings. This house and the parlour of his dwelling-house were ornamented with plaister cornices under the ceilings. He published a book called "Secret and Family "Prayers, with brief helps for the more devout "receiving of the Lord's Supper, and better "observation of the Lord's-day, as also to "further the needful duties of catechising, "visiting the sick, and personal instruction, "fitted for the use and benefit of the inhabit-"ants of Cartmel, in Lancashire."

A Sermon by him on St. Matthew xvi. 26, was also bound up with the book; very few copies of this book are now remaining.

The expenses of printing this book, &c., were 24*l.* 18*s.* 9*d.* He died in 1698.

Thomas Proddy, M.A., succeeded Mr. Armstrong in 1698, and died in 1707.

Thomas Brookbank, M.A., succeeded Mr. Proddy in 1707, and died 1732. He gave for the use of the minister of Cartmel Church 25*l.*, and for the use of the master of the grammar school 10*l.*, both which sums are

vested in the funds, and the interest of them is regularly received.

On the 23d of May, 1732, James Thompson, B.A., was appointed by Sir Thomas Lowther, and died 1741. He is styled *Vicar* of Cartmel in the Burial Register.

The Rev. Sir William Lowther, grandfather of the present Earl of Lonsdale, signed the parish register as Incumbent in the year 1750, and he appears to have resigned 1768. There is no record of his appointment. He appears to have been non-resident for many years, as James Walker, his successor, signed as Curate from 1756—1768.

James Walker was appointed 1768; during the thirty-six years preceding his appointment he taught the Grammar School. He resided in the house opposite to the present Post-office. He was very learned in navigation, and on this account many sailors attended his school.

He had two sons, John and James, and two daughters, Agnes and Ellen, who all died without issue in Liverpool, poor. He died in 1781, and was succeeded by James Peake, M.A.

Prior to Mr. Peake's appointment, he was schoolmaster at Hawkshead, holding at the same time the living of Crosthwaite. Mr. Peake was endowed with a handsome presence, and is remembered as a good and eloquent preacher. He was presented to Edensor, in Derbyshire, on the nomination of the Duke of Devonshire, 1787, at which place he died in the year 1803.

He married, while in Cartmel, Mrs. Russel, daughter of Mr. Sunderland, of Bigland.

Mr. Peake appears to have held both Edensor and Cartmel, filling one in person, and the other by deputy.

George Preston, A.M., was appointed in 1803. He also was non-resident. Rev. Peter Richardson was his deputy, as he was also that of Mr. Peake, having for his services the sum of 40*l.* per annum, for a considerable portion of the time. Mr. Richardson held the curacy forty years. He was fond of husbandry, and took great pleasure in ascertaining the quantities of the several kinds of grain grown in the parish. Mr. Richardson resigned in 1827, and Rev. Thomas Remington, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, was appointed

by Mr. Preston; and Mr. Preston having resigned in 1834, Mr. Remington was appointed Incumbent by the Earl of Burlington; and Mr. Remington having resigned in the end of 1853, the Rev. Robert Curtis Hubbersty, M.A., Vicar of Helpstone, was appointed by the Earl of Burlington, in January, 1854.

By the liberality of the patron, a parsonage house has again been provided for the Incumbent of Cartmel. This house is most conveniently situated, adjoining as it does the churchyard on the north, and possessing a very ample garden; indeed, so ample is this garden, that if at any time it were thought desirable to erect a Sunday or infant school-room, a portion of this might be set apart, leaving enough in the remainder, to make a fair-sized garden.

A grant of the rectory of Cartmel, was made to Cuthbert, a bishop of Chester, in the fourth and fifth years of Philip and Mary.

In the year 1648, the rectory, parsonage, barns, and tithes, were granted to Thomas Preston, Esquire, of Holker, on consideration of his paying a fine of 840*l.* sterling, and a rent of 55*l.* to the Bishop of Chester, and

annual stipends, of 80*l.* to the minister of Cartmel, and of 40*l.* to the minister of Cartmel Fell, in this parish. From the family of the Prestons, the livings, &c., passed to the family of Lowther, and thence into the hands of the family of the present possessor.

The following are the comparative dimensions of Cartmel Church and Furness Abbey:

FURNESS ABBEY.	Ft.	In.	CARTMEL CHURCH.	Ft.	In.
Inside length from east to west	175	0	Inside length from east to west	159	0
Ditto of Transept	130	0	Ditto of Transept	109	0
Inside width of Choir	27	7	Inside width of Choir	28	3
Inside width of Nave	65	3	Inside width of Nave	64	5

Cartmel Church possesses four bells; underneath are the particulars concerning them:

1st Bell, date 1727, "Peace and good neighbourhood."
2d Bell, date 1799, "Kilner Churchwarden."
3rd Bell, date 1661, "Dulcedine Soni Cantabo."
4th Bell, date 1661, "Jucunditate."

Another bell hung in the West end, and was used for tolling previous to the commence-

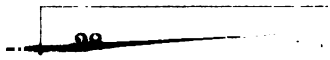
ment of the service. Some years ago it was taken down, and last year it was sold to Grange Church then erected.

In what I have said of Cartmel Church and parish, in the foregoing, I am aware much has been omitted.

My object was, not to say all that could be said on the subject; that would have increased my volume beyond the bulk I intend for it, and would have needed more time than I have at present at my disposal. My object has been rather to place within the reach of the inhabitants and visitors, an accessible account of the leading features of the church and neighbourhood of Cartmel. I have been informed, that a gentleman in the neighbourhood is in possession of very ample information relating to the church and parish; it is to be hoped that he will at some time give the public the benefit of the treasures, that his judgment, and patience, and labour, have collected.

In concluding this part of my book, I desire to offer my best thanks to Mr. Field, of Cartmel, who in the kindest manner placed at my disposal a great deal of information on the subject.

My best thanks are also due to the Rev. Thomas Remington, who from time to time gave me much information, and who has gathered together for the visitors' book in Cartmel, many very interesting particulars relative to the church, together with a sketch of its history from its foundation, which he has written at the commencement of the book, and from which I have freely copied. I am also indebted to Dr. Whittaker's account of Cartmel, &c.



SERMON I.

THE WONDERFUL AND THE COUNSELLOR.

ISAIAH IX. 6.

"Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulder; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor."

REASONS abound on all sides, to assure us that the name of our Saviour should be Wonderful.

In whatever light we consider Him—whether in his greatness, or humility; whether as a teacher, or a preacher; whether as a binder-up of broken hearts, or as a healer of diseases, or as a strengthener of the weak, or as a refuge for the distressed, or as a worker of miracles: in whatever light—under whatever aspect He may be regarded, his name must be considered "Wonderful."

The crowds that followed his footsteps in Judea, and witnessed how the lame leaped as an hart, at his command, and the tongue of the dumb was loosed at his bidding; how the dead waked up into renewed life,—they who witnessed these acts of power, at once called Him Wonderful.

In Bethany two sisters were mourning a brother, who was scarce four days dead. Their tears were falling in bitterness and sorrow; their words were, "If He had been here, our brother had not died." They mourned that Jesus was away when the angel of death swept with his fatal blast their brother Lazarus.

They mourned that the good Physician was not there to heal. They grieved and wept: and did they weep and grieve in vain? Not in vain. Repressed was their grief, and dried up their tears. Jesus was separated from them by many intervening miles; but although separated, He was not unmindful of their sorrows. Their tears and sighs, as winged messengers, hasted with their saddening tidings that Lazarus was dead. They entered the heart of Jesus. He went to Judea; He

entered Bethany. He walked up to that solemn spot where Lazarus was laid: standing there, in the presence of friends and enemies, He cried, "Lazarus, come forth;" and Lazarus came forth a "living man."

As, in imagination, we call up the various circumstances—the weeping sisters, the surrounding Jews, the company of apostles, the Son of God; and as we hear Him speak, and see the dead man stand up and walk, do we not readily acknowledge that the prophet Isaiah's prediction is most true, and that the child spoken of by him, declared to mankind that He was rightly named the Wonderful?

It was night—dark, tumultuous, stormy night. The Son of God was praying on a mountain's side, having sent the disciples across the sea of Galilee.

As they were crossing to the other side, the storm swept the lake, agitating its waters, preventing them from accomplishing their object. They were tossed to and fro by the boiling waves. They struggled, they toiled, they rowed—every nerve they strained, but apparently in vain. The winds and the waves

proved more than conquerors; doubtless they were well nigh worn out, for at the fourth watch of the night they had not reached the opposite shore. But behold! something arrested their attention, as it appeared moving on the waters. This appearance came nigher and nigher to their ship; as it approached them they perceived that it was a human figure—they saw the figure of a man; and, startled by the strange sight of a human form moving on the waters, they cried out for fear. Soon, however, the gentle voice of Jesus reassured them. "It is I, be not afraid." Their fears were calmed, and they received their Master, and immediately they reached the shore. Which of us, my brethren, will refuse to call Him, on this occasion, "Wonderful?"

Yea, must we not say in the words of the apostles, "What manner of man is this? even the winds and the sea obey him." When we recall the wild boisterous winds, the high rolling waves, the tempest-tossed vessel that was carrying the twelve apostles, the vigorous but yet ineffectual efforts to bring the ship to land, and then, in the midst of all this confusion, see Jesus walking on the deep, and the

deep as well-trained horses in the hands of a skilful charioteer, subsiding into gentleness, and assuming a smooth unbroken surface at his command; when we call all this to mind, do we not feel ourselves constrained to say, "His name is Wonderful?"

Again, let us consider another event in the life of this Child of Isaiah's prophecy. His enemies succeeded in their efforts: the Son of God was tried and condemned by wicked men to be crucified and slain. They led Him forth and crucified Him: He gave up the ghost and died: a few good men took Him down and gave Him an honourable burial, having laid Him in a new sepulchre. This sepulchre was well guarded. The seal was set to the stone: the bravest of Roman soldiers were stationed there to watch. But in vain they watched. Early in the morning of the third day the keepers were affrighted by a vision of the heavenly host: angelic messengers came down and rolled away the stone, and Jesus came forth in his might, to the confusion of his enemies and the comfort of his people. He came forth, the conqueror of the grave, and the conqueror of death. He came forth having

gained a triumph such as was never gained before. He came forth radiant with dignity and glory, proving Himself the Lord of all. He came forth with a fresh claim—a claim superior to all others, to be called the "Wonderful." Yes, brethren, we cannot allow our memories to turn back upon the eventful doings of the three wondrous days in our Saviour's life, when, although possessed of all power, He submitted to be condemned and crucified by his enemies, when He underwent death, when He burst the bonds of death and rose in majesty from the trammels of the grave,—we cannot indeed consider this without exclaiming, "Truly He is wonderful."

The prophet, very many years before the birth of Christ, foretold that He was to be of this wonderful character; and every word He spake, for never man spake like this man, and every miracle He wrought—for it was never so seen in Israel—united their witness in testifying that the words of the prophet were fulfilled, and proved that Christ Jesus was wonderful from his birth to his ascension into heaven.

He was wonderful in defeating the machinations of the Tempter; He was wonderful in

speaking words of life, and comfort, and joy; He was wonderful in healing the sick and in raising the dead; He was wonderful in calming the troubled seas and in hushing the tempestuous winds; He was wonderful in feeding with a few loaves and fishes crowds that followed Him; He was wonderful in breaking forth from the grave; He was wonderful in all these ways, yea, most wonderful. Wonderful in all He said, and did, and suffered. On account of these his name is rightly called Wonderful. There remains, however, one thing to be added, which declares why He is most suitably called by this distinguishing epithet. There yet remains one portion of his workings that claims for Him this title incontestably. His name shall be Wonderful, writes the prophet. But what is his name?

We read it in the 23d chapter of Jeremiah, verse 6, "And this is his name whereby He shall be called, The Lord our Righteousness." There are many reasons why He should be called Wonderful, but this transcends all others. His providing sinners, wicked, lost, ruined sinners, with a robe of righteousness, with a garment to cover the shame of their

spiritual nakedness, his name is Wonderful on account of this. He who knew no sin became a sin-offering that we might be made the righteousness of God through Him. To shield guilty sinners from the searching eye of justice, to hide the deformities of our human nature, to remove the fearful deformity of guilt, to do this entitles our blessed Saviour to be called by this name.

Brethren, Christ Jesus is called Wonderful because He poured out his soul unto death and shed his blood on man's behalf; because He fully obeyed the law; because his righteousness was perfect; and because to every one that believeth on Him this righteousness is imputed, and because that every one that believeth, not indeed theoretically only, but also practically, is reckoned pure, and just, and holy. He, then, who could impart a holiness of character and a robe of righteousness to such an one as Zaccheus, to such an one as Mary Magdalene, to such an one as Paul; who can cover in his unsullied righteousness the sins of all who come to Him, such an one must indeed be wonderful.

The blood of Jesus Christ cleanses from all

sin. Jesus Christ is, therefore, wonderful. The righteousness of Christ is made over on all who believe on Him; Jesus Christ is wonderful also on account of this. Such is the efficacy of his protection, that there is no condemnation to them who are united to Him by faith. Wonderful, therefore, and Holy is his name. Consider man's natural character. The imaginations of his heart are evil from his youth. He cannot, unassisted, think a good thought, or do a good action. His delight is in cursing and bitterness, in violence and wrong. He is far gone from his original uprightness. All the race are included in this definition. Jew and Gentile, bond and free, have come short of the glory of God. And yet man—sin-stained and defiled as he is—Christ Jesus makes fit to sit down with all the host of unsinning beings in the kingdom of heaven. By his Spirit He purifies his heart. By his Spirit He removes the stony heart, and places in its room a heart of flesh. By his Spirit He leads sinners to repentance, to faith in his atonement, to obedience to his laws. By his Spirit He accomplishes one of the most wonderful revolutions ever seen on earth. Wretched,

sinful man is transformed by Him into a companion fitted for angel, and Cherubim, and Seraphim. Ah, could we realize in all its horror the depth into which sin has plunged us, and the height to which our Saviour can exalt us; could we realize in all its meaning the gulf that sin has placed between us and our great Creator, and the means whereby Christ Jesus has spanned the chasm; could we behold in all its height and depth, in all its glory and beauty, in all the perfection of its loveliness, that plan by which God could be just and yet the justifier of him that believeth on Jesus; could we comprehend in all its wide comprehension, majesty, and greatness, what Christ hath done and suffered for us, never would we cease to think or to speak the words, "Wonderful is thy name, O Lord, our righteousness."

They who through Christ have escaped from the pollutions of this world; they who have gone up on high through his blood; they who warred a good warfare by his aid, and fought a good fight under his banner; who though weak were made strong, and more than conquerors by his powerful aid, and who now wear

their crowns of glory, such, as they look down upon the trials and temptations that beset them in the flesh, and as they review their fight and race, will join in the general hymn of praise, "Thy name, O Lord, is Wonderful."

And Jesus is called also by the name of Counsellor. And what does this name imply? It implies that He is the source of all truth; that wherever any truth appears, to Him it must be traced as its source.

It implies that every emanation of man's intellect, by which a new discovery adds to our previous stock of knowledge; that in every art and every science, in every pursuit, in every occupation, the noble sparks of mind and ebullitions of talent that appear, appear at the word and counsel of Jesus. He is their Creator, and Giver, and Controller, and Producer. If it be that a skilful physician lights upon a new arrangement in the chemical world by which diseases hitherto incurable may be cured, Christ Jesus has been this physician's Counsellor. The spark that came from this man's brain was truly heavenly. The physician was the instrument, the honoured instrument it

may be, but Jesus was the creator of his powers of invention.

And while honouring Him whom heaven hath so highly honoured, we should not forget to raise our thoughts higher than the instrument—even unto Him who, from his throne in heaven, breathed the inspiration of discovery into this human mind. And this is true of every discovery made by human means. Whether the astronomer pushes far into the regions of illimitable space, and brings back a law of nature hitherto unknown to man, or whether he executes a telescope of marvellous dimensions and power; whether the geologist descends into the heart of the earth and brings up some new law of our globe; whether the navigator discovers laws indicative of the system by which storms and tempests, wind and rain, are regulated; whether the botanist discovers something fresh in botany, or the naturalist in natural history; whatever it may be—in fire, or air, or water; in heaven, or earth, or under the earth; whoever be the discoverer—prince, or philosopher, or statesman—He who is named in my text, is the Counsellor of all. If any book, penned by any

man, at any time—in ancient times, when Herodotus, and Livy, and Juvenal wrote, or in the books of modern writers; if in any book whatever, any true proverb, or true maxim, or true saying, can be pointed to, that portion of the book had Jesus for its Counsellor. And herein is the difference between the Bible and those books that contain something true. The WHOLE *Bible* was written by his guidance. The occurrences, the precepts, the parables, are related under his teaching. All its contents are stamped with the stamp of inspiration; while in other books containing something true, only the portion that is true can be said to have had Jesus as its author; while *that true portion* must have proceeded from Him, although a heathen may have written it; for He has declared, "I am the Truth."

But the most important sense in which Jesus is our Counsellor, is with regard to those things that concern our salvation. With regard to these matters He is our all-wise Counsellor indeed. He gives to all the family of man such wise and profitable counsel, that they who obey may obtain even everlasting

life. He giveth wise counsel to all mankind. To the heart-broken He gives counsel calculated to heal their broken hearts.

"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." This counsel He gives to the poor heart-stricken; and many who have taken heed to their ways, in accordance with it, have received the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. Another remarkable counsel is given to us by Him, in the book of Revelation; it is applicable to all humanity:—

"I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich; and white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed, and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear; and anoint thine eyes with eye salve, that thou mayest see." (Rev. iii. 18.) Again, He giveth good counsel when He says, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal."

Again, He giveth good counsel: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

When we consider the counsel given in any one of these passages, we may clearly see how strong a title Jesus has to be called Counsellor.

With regard to our souls He is the only safe counsellor. The world, the flesh, and the devil profess to give us counsel, but, alas! in their counsel is death; but the counsel that Christ gives, is counsel that guideth infallibly to life.

Oh, then, may we all give ourselves up to his guidance; may we follow his teaching; may we listen to Him when He says, "Come unto me;" "Buy of me;" "Lay up treasures," with me, "in heaven;" "Seek first God's kingdom and glory."

May we listen when He thus counsels, and great will be the gain for our souls.

SERMON II.

OIL AND WINE.

LUKE X. 34.

"And he bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him."

THIS verse contains a lively representation of the treatment sinners that are turned from darkness to light receive at the hands of their Saviour. The oil poured into their wounds represents all the consolations of the Gospel. Pardon, reconciliation, joy, peace, gladness, pleasures for evermore; and hence we read that God's people receive "the oil of joy instead of mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." And if we consider the soothing effects that pardon spreads over the soul, we shall see how apt

a figure that of oil is. Before pardon is sought for, the mind is painfully tossed and agitated; it seeks for rest, but rest flies from it, no matter in what way it may be sought. The unpardoned soul seeks for it in all the multiplied apparatus of this world's contrivances. Some seek peace in the mountain's sides, and some in the woods and valleys. Some hunt for her in midnight revellings and dissipated hours. Some seek her in the company of the gay and the thoughtless. Others cross the ocean and travel to distant lands. Literature is sought for, that through it peace may be won; and science and speculation and business; and the hoard of treasure is accumulated, and public matters are attended to; and earthly distinction is grasped; oil for the troubled soul and mind disorganized is sought for in every path of life; for this men build, and plant, and sow, and reap; inward agitation impels some to seek the harsh din of battle and the strife of tongues. Gold and silver, and precious stones, and horses, and wine, and chariots are turned by many into instruments to gain rest for their mental perplexities, but in vain; these of them-

selves cannot calm the surging waves and billows of passion and unquiet that ebb and flow in constant agitation, through the souls and minds of poor corrupted man; not that these things are to be despised; not this: for when rightly sought and rightly used, and in their proper times, they add a brightness to our world, and fling over our terrestrial being gleams of light, and joy, and gladness. If the mind be at peace within, everything that I have specified will add an additional ray of lawful pleasure. The mind that is guided by the influences of Scripture, and of the Spirit, will gather delight from everything around. Sun and moon and stars, flower and tree and shrub, wind and wave are, to such, ministers of good, and God's people can find in these things much to cheer them, much to comfort them, much to lighten them, much to make them happy, even in the circle of this dislocated sphere. They who have the oil of joy, the unction of the Spirit, possess a power that can turn even what is terrestrial into a celestial thing. But, as I observed above, peace cannot be reared upon such foundations; it must have pardon underlying it. The unpardoned sinner

sees God a God of justice and of punishment. He sees God a God that will strictly mark every thought, and every word, and every act that he may have done amiss. He sees Him seated on the judgment ready to condemn, to banish; to punish through eternity! The unpardoned sees Heaven shut against him; himself separated from God's people, and the gates of hell wide open to receive him for ever and for ever. The unpardoned sinner sees all this, and is, in consequence, a stranger to peace and happiness. When he reviews his life, sins of every kind rise up in judgment and condemn him, his own conscience even being the judge. His youth stained with too many glaring vices into which young men and women fall. His manhood clouded with sins peculiar to manhood, and old age too often chequered with ungodly doings. And even if a review should array no fearful catalogue of iniquity against him; should nothing darkly foul rise up to bear witness against his soul; yet who can tell how much has been left undone? what tongue could record the omission of duty, the opportunities neglected of advancing the cause of truth, and religion, and

godliness? How these words will stand forth in raised characters on the table of his heart, "Inasmuch as ye did it not unto the least of these my brethren, ye did it not unto me." Conscience may, perhaps, be unable to point to any flagrant violation of what is commanded; this will not, however, insure the feeling of peace in the sinner's mind. No, my brethren, peace is a fruit of pardon; peace must be preceded by pardon; the Gospel oil must be poured into the soul, speaking peace with God, before the troubled conscience can have rest, and weary mind can find repose. Christ must have granted pardon: He must have revealed himself in such words as "Go in peace;" "thy sins are forgiven." The sinner must have learned to cast his eye upon the Crucified; to see in the blood of that crucified a fountain open for sin and for uncleanness, and be able to say, "There is no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus." He must understand that Christ, as it were, changes places with every one that looketh to Him; that He places the sinner in the position of holiness and righteousness He held; and that He steps in, or rather stepped in, to bear all

the woes denounced against the ungodly. As soon as we understand by faith that our tainted, sin-defiled fleece was placed upon the Lamb of God, and that He bore the curse due to us, and that His glorious, pure, untainted, uncorrupted fleece is offered to every repentant prodigal, then it is that a peace, fitly symbolized by the oil of this parable, is diffused through the soul. The oil proved a sweet, composing anodyne to the wounded man; and pardon proves a delicious balm to the pierced conscience. Memory may trouble conscience with her unpleasant pictures. She may cause to pass from time to time images of deeds of darkness and sins against the Holy One; yet in all her power she will be unable to make much inroad upon the peace of one who has laid hold upon Him that is mighty to save. Memory will, indeed, cause grief; for every one who has turned to God bitterly bewails every departure and error that rises up before the mind. Memory making us to possess the sins of the days in which we were walking according to the Prince of the Power of the Air, will cause a tear to fall and a sigh to find escape from our hearts. Memory may do this,

but it will be powerless to upset the even tenor of the Christian's peace, inasmuch as all the sins that are remembered are forgiven; are all blotted out by the blood of Christ, and will not be recorded or brought up as witnesses against him in the day of trial. The peace of God cannot be greatly dimmed by even past transgressions bringing before us scenes now deeply sorrowed over, for it has been written, "that the chief of sinners may find rest in the love of our Saviour and our God." Brethren, it may be that some of you have weary minds and troubled consciences. It may be that some of you are living in open sin; that some of you are living unmindful of God, and therefore uneasy, and troubled in mind. To such I would say, the Gospel contains an unfailing remedy for every disease of mind and conscience; it contains oil for you that can heal every wound that sin may have made in your spiritual state. Has sin made you debtor? this oil can pay your debts, and give you the comfort and freedom of one whom God loved, and whose debts are cancelled. Is your conscience pained? this oil can ease the pain and give you sure relief. Are you on the edge of

spiritual death? this oil can resuscitate your inward energies, and breathe life and hope. Is your mind like the troubled waters? this oil can calm its troubles, and gild your life with peace. Seek it to your eternal good.

The Samaritan, then, pouring into the wounds of the dying man the oil; represents the Saviour, conferring pardon and peace on the believer: and the wine, what does it represent? Wine, when used in moderation, quickens fainting energies, and supports the frame when overborne by fatigue. It is, indeed, sadly abused; many, instead of using it with that moderation that experience and Scripture recommend, use it for their ruin: yet, where used with discretion "it maketh glad the heart of man," it represents therefore the strong consolations of the Gospel, those rich mines of spiritual hope and comfort that God's word contains; those streams of invigorating virtue that gush through the word of inspiration. It represents those heavenly promises, full charged with the kindest accents and most gladdening prospects, that are recorded for a Christian's guidance; it represents the continued watching

and protection of Father, Son, and Spirit. When the oil was poured in, the wounds were stanched and mollified. When the wine was given, the frame was nourished. Thus, when the sinner turns to Christ, his sins are pardoned; when he journeys onward he receives constant nourishment. Now, what are the consolations and promises of the Gospel? If the believer be overtaken by trouble and difficulties; if trial, even the trial of fire; if he be even, as the gold, tried in the furnace; if he be called upon to meet great opposition in the profession of his faith, and in his adherence to Christianity; if, as the ancient Christians experienced, and as many even now in other countries experience, conformity to the Gospel provoke bitter hostility against him; if he be called upon to give up wife and children, and father and mother, and houses and lands; if many enemies band together to turn him from the faith; is it not, tell me, a source of consolation to him under such trying circumstances, to read a promise like the following, "As thy days so shall thy strength be?" Is it not wine to his fainting soul? is it not a spring of joy to him? I am persuaded that Shadrach, Meshach, and

Abednego; that Daniel, Jeremiah, and others, who met with trials on account of their faith, were greatly strengthened by such a rich and cheering promise. And is there not support in the words of Jesus, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world?" and in the words of the prophet, "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper, and every tongue that shall rise in judgment against thee thou shalt condemn? This is the heritage of the servants of the Lord, and their righteousness is of me, saith the Lord." (Isa. liv. 17.) There is scarcely a page of God's book that does not contain promises rich in spiritual consolation. They are written prominently and distinctly. He can find them, whose heart is ruled by the Spirit. Under every aspect of life they may be seen. Are you in sickness and on the bed of languishment, there is the promise; are you in health, there is the promise; are you cast down, there is the promise; are you in prosperity, there is the promise; are you poor and despised, God has a promise for you; are you high and exalted, there is also a promise for you. Wherever he goes, God's promises follow the Christian man; promise of

guiding, promise of comfort, promise of support, promise of sympathy, of friendship, of holy communion and unction. Be a child of God, and there are for you texts of Scripture that will lighten your darkest sorrow, cheer your gloomiest hours, support you under the fiercest difficulties. Be a child of God, and friends may fail, and circumstances decline, and a heavy flood of misfortune rush with its fearful waves against you, yet you will be enabled to surmount each, all of them, knowing that such a promise has been recorded in your favour—"All things work together for good, to those who love God." Yes, brethren, be on the Lord's side, and the consolatory and spiritual wine will be given to you in great abundance. And the Christian is not strengthened only by the promises of the Gospel; its ordinances also brace together his spiritual energies, the Sabbath renews his strength, and pours increased vigour into his frame. This holy day leads him to closer communion with God, and in this way he gains an increase of power for his religious practice. Brethren, Christians highly prize the Sabbath, for they feel it indeed to be wine for their fainting souls. Compelled by the duties

of life, many of them, to work up their energies during the week-days to the highest state, in order to fulfil their several occupations with diligence and fidelity, they have little leisure for reading and searching through the word of God: they forget not, indeed, their Father in heaven; He is ever present to their mind; his wisdom, his power, his goodness, and his love; but owing to the necessity of their daily tasks, they cannot give such proportion of time to spiritual things, as they would gladly give them, if such an opportunity were within their reach; hence these hail with holy joy the return of God's day, for on this day, laying aside all worldly calculations and occupations, they give themselves up to the more uninterrupted study of God, salvation, and eternity; and by this study find themselves spiritually refreshed and invigorated, prepared to run their course with joy, until the approaching Sunday comes its round. They love the Sabbath, for by it they are refreshed. They love it, for it changes the current of their thoughts, and gives them the opportunity of thinking more maturely over high and heavenly things. The Sabbath may well be called the wine of the soul, for it greatly

adds to its spiritual powers and maketh glad the Christian's heart. Brethren, would you have your souls to increase in wisdom and stature, I pray you observe decorously and piously the Sabbath-day. Make it no day either of pleasure or of business: they who do so, as yet see not their own advantage; they are as yet blind to the full perception of things that set forward their souls' advantage. None can use it aright without reaping a rich reward. None can abuse it without heaping up condemnation for themselves. And the sacrament of the Lord's supper confers strength upon a Christian's soul. It cannot be that they who rightly partake of this heavenly feast will be dismissed without a blessing. No, brethren, God's chiefest benediction is upon all who join in soul and spirit, in love and charity, in faith and hope, in the Eucharistic feast. This is a true channel by which a fresh degree of grace is imparted to all who, with *converted hearts*, take the symbols of the body and blood of Christ. This ordinance that contains material bread and material wine, contains also spiritual bread and spiritual wine; and hence, in our Church catechism, we learn what benefits this

sacrament confers,—"the strengthening and refreshing of our souls by the body and the blood of Christ, as our bodies are by the bread and wine." As the traveller, who has many a mile to journey, refreshes himself at some friendly house of entertainment, so the Christian refreshes his soul, at the times when he joins his fellow-Christians in commemorating the death and passion of our blessed Saviour. And if it be true, that the soul is nourished, that faith is increased, that love is confirmed, that increased warmth is added to our hearts, that the thoughts and desires are quickened,—are not those Christians who neglect any opportunity of partaking of it, acting contrary to their own spiritual good? Do they not consent to forego much blessing by absenting themselves from its celebration? Do they not allow to pass by them, without enjoying it, much rich consolation? Indeed they do. And if there be any of you who truly love God, and yet from some reason neglect to approach this ordinance *at all times* of its celebration, I cannot but think, nay, I am most surely persuaded, that you would be much more able to run the race set before you, were you even from this

day to make the resolve, that henceforth, you will be found, not only at Christmas and Easter, *but at all times,* when celebrated, attendants and partakers of the Supper of the Lord. *I ask not the thoughtless, or the gay, or the irreligious* to come; let them first turn to God in earnest, then let them come; but I ask you, who are indeed seeking to serve God. I ask you in the name of my master, I most affectionately beseech you to become constant guests at the holy supper. I ask you, whatever may be the obstacle or hinderance that has hitherto kept you back, I ask you to overcome it, and always accept the invitations to sup with Christ that are given you by us, in the name and on the behalf of our Redeemer. And there are other means of gaining spiritual strength. There is prayer: Oh, how much the Christian is strengthened by earnest prayer. Many a faithful one who died a martyr, knelt in prayer to God, feeling at the time feeble and undecided, faint-hearted,—rose up from his knees girded with might to meet the time of trial. Many victories have been gained by prayer. It would be difficult to overrate the value of prayer, of that solitary prayer, when the Christian entering

into the closet and, shutting the door, prayeth to his Father, who albeit in secret, yet sees and hears him. If the Sabbath be wine for the soul, if the word of God be wine for the soul, if the supper of the Lord be wine, so also is prayer, for it comforts, consoles, and strengthens.

But, after the Samaritan had poured in the oil and the wine, he raised the man to his own seat, thus becoming an additional type of the blessed Saviour, as it is written, "The Lord bringeth low, and lifteth up; he raiseth the poor out of the dust, and lifteth up the beggar from the dunghill, to set him among princes, and to make him inherit the throne of glory."

Earthly things do not entirely occupy the minds of those who are raised by Christ to sit with Him in spiritual places. Heavenly things are admitted to a place in their thoughts; nay, occupy the chief place there. Before he was raised from the mire, swine wallowing in the filth represented the condition of the unholy; but the eagle which builds its nest on high and can fix its gaze upon the sun, illustrates the upward tendency of those who,

raised from the degradation of sin, press forward toward the prize of their high calling in Christ Jesus.

And this lifting up of the poor man signifies that Christians are exalted to the many privileges that the precious blood-shedding of Christ has procured for them. Thus, if Christ be a Son, in the house of the Father, they who are raised, become sons also: as it is written, "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God." If Christ be heir of all His Father's greatness and goodness, and power and glory, they who are raised from the dust become heirs also; as it is written, in the Epistle to the Romans, "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God; and if children, then heirs, heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ." Is Christ Jesus a King, high exalted over principalities and powers, over princedoms and potentates, and orbs and worlds; does His power extend over the wide universal world: they who are raised from the dust share His power and His greatness. He associates with Him, in His mighty majesty,

those who have been washed and sanctified and justified. Great though His power is, He freely shares it with His holy ones: "Have thou rule over five cities," "Have thou rule over ten cities," being the language He uses with regard to them. Indeed, when the sinner is raised from his sins, no tongue can estimate the amazing extent of the good things that are laid up for him in the kingdom of God.

Brethren, these great things await each of us, when we are raised from the power of sin. Yes, each one of you that escapes from the snares of the Evil One, may be confident of sharing the power, and glory, and honour—everlasting honour—of Christ.

But you who have not obtained as yet this oil and this wine, what shall I say to you? Wounded, care you not to be healed? Fainting, care you not to be refreshed? Bruised, care you not to be bound up? Crushed, care you not to be mollified? Know you not that without this oil, your whole life will be a life of pains and sorrows, a life of open wounds and bleeding sores? Know you not that, without this wine, your spiritual enemies will make you an easy prey and

an unresisting captive? Know you not, that unless the wine of the Gospel be partaken of, death will come, and you will be a speedy spoil; judgment will come, and you will have no advocate to plead your cause; hell will open wide her gates, and escape will be beyond all hope? Know you not, that if your spiritual wounds be not healed by the oil of pardon, and your spiritual frame strengthened by the Holy Spirit's refreshing wine, in the hour of trial you will surely fail?

Have you not known this? If you have not, then know it now. Learn this day, ye who have not learned it before, that a great necessity presses upon you, to have your wounds bound up and mollified with ointment, to have peace spoken to your souls by Christ Jesus, to have all your sins and all your transgressions blotted out in His precious blood!

SERMON III.

A DIFFICULTY SOLVED.

2 KINGS v. 18, 19.

"In this thing the Lord pardon thy servant, that when my master goeth into the house of Rimmon to worship there, and he leaneth upon my hand, and I bow myself in the house of Rimmon: when I bow down myself in the house of Rimmon, the Lord pardon thy servant in this thing. And he said unto him, Go in peace; so he departed from him a little way."

AT first sight, this is a very perplexing passage of Scripture. It is as if the prophet Elisha gave his permission to Naaman to take part in an act of idolatry. On reading it, we fancy that the prophet consented to the Syrian captain joining in the worship of Rimmon. It is, therefore, very perplexing. We say, is it possible that this gifted man, to gratify a

great man, or to avoid giving offence to a new convert, made no opposition to this act of homage to an idol deity? Some, reasoning from it, would say, "It can be no very great sin to temporize a little, if by so doing, we may promote the cause of truth. It can be no very great sin to follow that which is imperfect, even at the hazard of lopping off some few outward branches from the tree of truth. What great sin can it be to do a little evil that good may come, when even a gifted, sainted, inspired prophet turned aside a little to comply with the wishes of an uncircumcised stranger?" Some are inclined to say this, on reading this passage of Scripture, but without any great reason; for even had Elisha, from any motives of expediency, given his sanction to such an act, he would merit our condemnation and not our approbation: he would deserve to be pointed to as a beacon to warn us of danger, rather than as a light to light us on our way. Yes, brethren, great, and gifted, and wonderful as he was, had he given his sanction to idolatry, in the way mentioned in our text, for the purpose of gaining a temporary advantage, our duty

would be to avoid him as a quicksand; for then he would have deviated from the Word of God. True, expediency in certain matters and to a certain length is very good; no one knew its value better than that man who has left it written that "He became all things to all men." True, expediency may often be very profitably pursued; but then it must be when matters not connected with salvation are concerned. It is often very expedient for a man to give up his own private desires to please others of his species. In the case of Pharaoh it would have been highly expedient—speaking after the manner of men—for him to have abated somewhat of the harshness and rigour wherewith he made the Israelites to serve him in Egypt. Had he done so Moses and Aaron would have had a more difficult service in leading the Hebrews from the land of Egypt. Had he raised them to a level with his own people, conferred on them equal rights and equal privileges; never forced them to make bricks without straw; never forced them to expose their children;—in the day that God led his people from Egypt, Pharaoh would have been mercifully dealt

with. It would have been highly expedient for Rehoboam to have hearkened to the just demands of his subjects; when they earnestly prayed that some of their very heavy burdens might be removed from their shoulders, it would have been highly expedient for him to have redressed their grievances, and to have dealt kindly with them. Much more expedient would it have been had he said, My father, indeed, imposed many taxes upon you, and levied many contributions, necessary for one who lived in his sumptuousness and greatness; but I, willing to be a father to my people, will seek by every way to find them relief;—much more expedient for him to have said and acted thus, than to have returned the rash and inconsiderate answer, "My little finger shall be thicker than my father's loins." In the one case he might have reigned the happy monarch of a happy people; whereas, in the other, a stranger disputed his authority, and wrested ten tribes from his rule. Expediency, therefore, within certain limits, is allowable; nay, more, it is highly praiseworthy. To be ready to give up what is merely pleasant and agreeable to ourselves, for the gratification

of others, I venture to say, never will lose its reward. But expediency must be confined within certain boundaries.

Is truth and falsehood the matter of debate, then expediency cannot be so much as named. Truth must be maintained at every sacrifice,—calmly, yet inflexibly maintained.

It may appear expedient to sacrifice the truth for some present advantage, yet in the issue it will turn out that it would have been more advantageous to have held fast by truth—to have flung expediency to the winds. At first sight, it might have appeared to Joseph more expedient to have yielded to his master's wife's solicitations; and perhaps, when he lay at first in prison, it may have flashed across his mind that he had acted too hastily; but in the end the superiority of following the truth was fully manifested. And, perhaps, when Moses lived in the palace of the Pharaohs, surrounded by every apparatus of earthly happiness, it may have often appeared to him far more expedient to retain the purple and gold of Pharaoh's court, and to live in greatness, and ease, and princely dignity, than to cast in his lot with his despised countrymen,

and become as one of them: this may often have appeared to him the most expedient course; but in after-times he had great reason to rejoice that he preferred to give up his station and rank, rather than renounce his convictions. When he led forth God's people; when he smote the sea; when he ascended the mount; when he received the tables written with the finger of God; when he ascended the mount whereon his last breath escaped him, then he would be glad that truth had been dearer to him than thousands of gold and silver. And thus with all who inflexibly adhere to truth: the present may be somewhat bitter, but the future will be bright and glorious.

Brethren, always adhere to what is truth: let nothing tempt you to forsake it; neither money, nor houses, nor lands, nor father, nor mother, nor friends, nor present prospect, however bright; nor future prospect, however glittering: guard it even as the apple of your eye. If need be, hold out the right hand to be cut off, or offer the right eye to be plucked out; give your body to be burned,—let all your possessions be snatched from you; but never, in the

hope of any gain whatever, be induced to abandon truth, in its smallest particle, for the purpose of following expediency. Peter shed many a bitter tear, and felt many a bitter pang; his heart often was wrung with grief, because he was unable to summon sufficient resolution to avow, in the palace of the High Priest, that Jesus of Nazareth was his Master. To guard us against following expediency, when vital truth is concerned, the Apostle James has written, "Beloved, when I gave all diligence to write unto you of the common salvation, it was needful for me to write unto you, and to exhort you that ye should earnestly contend for the faith once delivered to the saints." Truth, then, must be maintained, at all hazards, and at all costs. We are, therefore, painfully perplexed, when we think it at all possible that the great prophet Elisha was willing to compromise it.

But is it possible that he was so far forgetful of what his duty was? For a moment turn aside from the text, and look back upon his history.

He had been a servant of that undaunted man, Elijah,—of him who, single-handed, con-

fronted all the prophets of Baal,—who was the instrument by which these prophets of idolatry were cut off,—who hated idolatry with a most perfect hatred, and was very jealous for the Lord of Hosts;—of him who feared not to upbraid Ahaziah with his idolatry, when he sent a messenger to consult Baalzebub, the god of Ekron. The servant of such a man must have had some of the spirit and mind of his master, when his master lived; and that this spirit did not depart, after his master's death, we are assured, because we read that a double portion of Elijah's spirit fell upon him. Moreover, it is recorded, that he wrought numerous miracles, and by the power of the Lord God of Elijah. It is impossible, therefore, that he could have given any support whatever to the great sin of idolatry.

No, brethren, be assured that, whatever was his motive for giving the answer recorded, it did not proceed from any wish to think lightly of Naaman's bowing down with his master in the house of Rimmon. Besides, we must bear in mind that Elisha was an inspired prophet,—inspired by the same Spirit that

guided the apostles into all truth,—by the same Spirit that guided Jude to write the passage I have quoted above,—that guided Paul to write, "Be not partakers in other men's sins." Such being the case, I verily think it impossible that he should have given any sanction whatever to Naaman's contemplated act of idolatry. To aid, or abet, or counsel a robbery, in the eye of our law, brings a man to be considered guilty of robbery, in a certain degree; to aid, or abet, or counsel a murder, causes a man to be regarded even as a murderer; and generally, he who aids, abets, or counsels the commission of any sin, is a partaker of that sin, and becomes exposed to its condemnation. On this principle it was, that Eli was condemned, because his sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not; on this principle, Saul was condemned, when he permitted the people of Israel to save the best things of the Amalekites; and on this principle it is, that the prophet Habakkuk has written, "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbour drink, that puttest thy bottle to him, and makest him drunken also, that thou mayest look on

their nakedness." Had the prophet Elisha, therefore, countenanced Naaman in his homage, he would have been guilty of idolatry.

And, brethren, here, perhaps, I may be permitted to remark, that at one time, even while professing herself Christian, the charge of idolatry could be well sustained against the people of England. "There was a time when she not only permitted, but even aided and abetted India in her idolatry." Sad as the retrospection is, we must avow this,—that "there was a time when, through the extensive preaching of the Gospel at Tranquebar and Tanjore, missionaries, and other causes, the temples in the Madras Presidency began to be deserted, and to fall into decay. Then the Government of Madras took them under its own protection, appointed the officiating priests, received the offerings, disbursed the expenses, publicly presented gifts, and restored new vigour to the dying system. Voluntarily, knowingly, and deliberately, the Government of Madras made itself trustee for pagoda lands, for the perpetuation of that idolatry which the God of heaven has determined to overthrow. English officers joined in salutes to the idol.

The temples were kept in repair by the Government, and the illuminations at the festivals were paid for from the Treasury.

"Nor was this confined to the Presidency of Madras. Nearly the same guilty course was adopted at the other Presidencies. In Ceylon, all the chief Buddhist priests were appointed by Government, and the expenses for 'devil-dancing,' continued at Candy for seven days, were paid on a receipt, headed, 'For Her Majesty's Service.'

"These evils have, indeed, been, in a great degree, remedied; but a great deal yet remains to be done. The temple of Jogonnath receives 23,000 rupees annually; and in certain districts, even yet, the representatives of the Government take a share in the heathen festivals."

Such ought not to be the case. We hope the time will come, when our country will cease to partake with India in the sin of idolatry.

But you will ask, If Elisha did not countenance Naaman in his idolatry, what was the purport of his answer? I will read for you again the question, and the answer. "In this thing the Lord pardon thy servant, that when

my master goeth into the house of Rimmon to worship there, and he leaneth upon my hand, and I bow myself in the house of Rimmon, the Lord pardon thy servant in this thing. And he said unto him, Go in peace." The request is so monstrous, so totally opposed to what God requires in his servants, it would have been perfectly inconsistent in Elisha to have granted it. God at all times requires his servants to witness boldly for the truth, to be valiant for the truth, at all times and under all circumstances. The three young men knew this when they preferred to be cast into the midst of the burning fiery furnace; and so did Daniel, when he selected the lions' den as his resting-place. Elisha could not, therefore, have intended to sanction this act when he said to Naaman, "Go in peace." It was not that he said to him, Go into the temple of Rimmon in peace. In peace take part in that god's idolatrous rites. It was rather, Go home in peace: May God give thee peace: Be satisfied with what God has done for you now: Trust to Him for the future, and He will give you peace. No, Elisha gave no sanction to idolatry; he did not, indeed, give him a positive

command to refrain from going into the heathen temple; but in this he acted from the wisest of reasons. Brethren, there is in every knowledge the first steps: in all nature there are the first steps; in the tree and plant, in the sun-light and early dawn, in the acquisition of languages, of painting, of poetry, of music, of oratory: in the study of law, medicine, and divinity: in the grass of the fields, of the harvest; in the lives of the greatest heroes, statesmen, and philosophers that ever walked on earth, there were, there must have been, the commencing steps. Our own country did not attain her present greatness at one sudden bound. There was a time when she was fettered with worse than iron chains. These gradually fell away one by one, giving her now and again more and more of freedom and liberty of action. Generation after generation witnessed a progressive onward move, until now she stands upon a pinnacle never before surpassed or equalled:—the home of freedom and the conservatory of true religion beyond all nations of the earth. And so it is in the Christian's life. He does not all at first gain the full blaze of religious light and knowledge.

He does not on his first turning from the world to God perceive that many things are inconsistent with his high calling and profession. Gradually, as beam after beam of light falls upon his soul, as he reads successively parts of God's Holy Word, the holiness of character, the separation from the world, the distinctiveness of position, the unfitness of trying to unite Christ and Belial becomes developed, and gradually he renounces one doubtful practice after another, until at last he reaches the standard of action: "Whether you eat or drink, or whatsoever you do, do all to the glory of God."

This principle is to be seen in the life of every true disciple. A gradual, onward, progressive movement; a growing in grace, in knowledge, in spiritual attainments, in love to God and man, in desire to do good to all men. This principle was beautifully developed in the great German Reformer, and in the great Reformers of our Church. It was by degrees that they escaped from the errors of superstition; indulgences, penances, the sacrifice of the mass, transubstantiation, infallibility, supremacy, one by one fell before their increasing

light. This principle Elisha knew would be developed in the Syrian noble. He knew that by degrees the light of truth would grow up in his soul; that gradually he would learn that the worship of Jehovah would not permit any countenance whatever to be given to idolatry. He knew that a time would come when Naaman himself would refuse to accompany even his master into the temple of Rimmon. He knew that by the study of the law of Moses new light and instruction would be given him. He knew that as he read in its sacred pages he would discover the true course to be pursued. It is not said, indeed, that Elisha gave him a copy of the law, but is it not highly probable? is it not highly probable that after having been delivered from his leprosy, he would wish to learn something more of the power, and goodness, and greatness of that God by whom he was healed? Nor can we believe that the prophet would neglect such an opportunity of making known his Master's glory. But, although it is not expressly stated, it is more than implied that Naaman was in possession of a copy of the law; and, moreover, that he was well read in it. This is implied in his request.

He asks for two mules' burdens of earth wherewith to build an altar. Why does he ask this? The altars of his own country are built of stone. Why does he wish to build an altar to God of earth? This very wish is a proof of his knowledge of the law of Moses. In the 20th chapter of Exodus it is written, "An altar of earth thou shalt make unto me, and shalt sacrifice thereon thy burnt-offerings, thy peace-offerings, thy sheep, and thy oxen." The study of the law would lead Naaman into a right view on the subject. Elisha, therefore, gave him no decided answer; he preferred that he should read and learn, and gain this knowledge himself. And it is perfectly impossible that Naaman could have read seriously, and with a view to his spiritual profit, the law of Moses, and continue to be a partaker in the service and worship of Rimmon. How could he read all the denouncements of God against idolatry? How could he read the second commandment of the law, and be unmoved? How could he read the destruction of the golden calf and continue in any wise favourable to such worship? How could he read of the power and glory, and majesty, and victory of Jehovah,

and consent after that to give even the least honour to the idol Rimmon? I am fully persuaded that the difficulty under which he laboured when he asked counsel of Elisha would so disturb him, that even before he reached his native land, he would read the whole book of God carefully, calmly, and soberly, seeking a solution of his doubts; and I am persuaded that before he crossed the boundary of Syria, he had formed the fixed resolution of foregoing everything, place, honour, rank, station, dignity, rather than insult the great God of the Jews by joining in an act of worship to an idol image.

You will perceive that what I have said presupposes a growth of grace in Naaman's character; that he became more and more the servant of God, more and more enlightened on the subject of religion: and thus it should be with all true Christians. Like the early light, they should keep constantly growing, until they attained to mid-day brightness. But, alas! there are many who never move forward, who make no advance whatever. Brethren, if there be any of you in this state, having no more peace, no more hope, no more expectation

than you had twelve months or twelve years ago, I pray you to examine well your hearts, in order that you may discover, if possible, why it is that you have made no advance. Yea, more, I warn you to sit in judgment on yourselves, for your present situation is dangerous, and oftentimes they who are not going forward are insensibly going backwards. If any of you be standing still in your religion, there must be some reason for it; there must be a cause. It may be that you are fostering some inconsistency of character, or that you are kept back by the fear of reproach or ridicule; or it may be that you are remiss in private prayer and communion with God. Any one of these may be the reason; but whatever your reason may be, I warn you in all affection to take care what you are doing, for your state is neither satisfactory nor safe. If you would be happy in your state, there must be some alteration in you: there must be a mind.

Fix your eyes steadily on the Sun of Righteousness, and march straight on the way, and the clouds that would dim your vision will be scattered on the right hand and on the left; the obstacles will disappear, and the stones of

stumbling and the rocks of offence will withdraw their opposition. But, on the other hand, fold your arms and be content with being merely Christians, merely within the fold, and sure I am that clouds will necessarily gather round your heads and mar your happiness, and close up from time to time your prospect of the kingdom of heaven.

SERMON IV.

THE PRINCE OF PEACE.

PREACHED JANUARY, 1853.

ISAIAH IX. 6.

"His name shall be . . . The Prince of Peace."

WE read in the book of Judges a short sentence that comprehends very much within its limits. It is, "The land had rest forty years." In this sentence, short as it is, is contained the history of joy and peace and delight and progress and advancement.

During forty years of freedom from war, the Jewish people must have made long strides in civilization and refinement, for there is, in the long continuance of peace, opportunity for the development of every kind of human talent. In times of war, when the cities are in constant danger of being besieged and

burned, and the country of being devastated and plundered, by a hostile army,—when life and liberty and property is uncertain, and the wife of to-day may be the widow of to-morrow, through the barbarous casualties of war;—when the necessity is so pressing, that every one—no matter what his rank and station—must gird on weapons of offence and defence, and stand up for his monarch, his country, his religion, and his laws;—when the trumpet and the drum and the clarion are constantly sounding, and the clangour of martial movements is ever falling on the ear. During all this,—and it may be, engagements with the enemy on the field of battle,—there is very little opportunity for growth in the sciences, and in all the arts wherewith the asperities of life are softened down. The marchings and counter-marchings of troops, the preparation of military weapons, the decorations of banners and flag-staffs, and ten thousand things beside, turn aside the mind from poetry and literature, and other kindred subjects. Doubtless, there will be some individuals devoted to these matters, even amid the wildest confusion, but the multitude that would otherwise pursue

their pleasing studies, will rush along with the sounds of war. This is very evident in the history of England. The land has had peace for very nearly forty years. The alarm of war has not been heard, nor the sound of the trumpet, in any such vicinity as to raise any feeling of alarm; men's minds have been diverted from the pursuit of war, and hence we see vast, very vast, advances made in all the arts of civilization and commerce. Vast machinery has been constructed, enormous ships have been built, immense bridges have been erected, and immense ways of iron have been laid down, and all on newly-discovered principles. The productions of literature are immense, called forth by the demand peace has created; the productions of the earth have greatly increased, in consequence of the skill directed to their culture. Our little island has grown into a warehouse for the world, and her ships now sail to every land; and, humanly speaking, because our land has been at rest with her neighbours for nearly forty years: the blessings of peace are, therefore, great. It is indeed a great blessing to see lands smiling beneath cultivation, instead of seeing

them blackened by the fires of war: to see the happy faces of fathers and mothers, who know that their children cannot be taken from them through the violence of an enemy's fury; to see households reading the improving book or magazine, instead of the records of an advancing or retreating army. It is, indeed, delightful to be able to lay our heads at night upon the pillow, not terrified by any apprehension of massacre or sword. The blessings of peace are great. A generation that never had experience of war cannot fully value them. The veteran who has served a long campaign, and whose mind is filled with images of the scenes of desolation that he saw,—such a one will fully value it. When he remembers the cries and lamentations, the burning of towns and villages, the fearful wounds of the dying, and the terrible gashes of the dead, peace will be grateful to his soul.

There are some, indeed, who take pleasure in war; who glory in depriving of life and liberty their fellow creatures; who would wade without remorse through blood, unpitying and unmoved. Such, however, is human nature under her worst form, uninfluenced in any

degree by the preaching or teaching of the gospel of the Prince of Peace. This long continued peace, doubtless, we owe to his rule, who is here called the Prince of Peace; to the spreading of the peaceful lessons contained in his Word: mainly, nay, entirely to this. "He breaketh the bow, and snappeth the spear in sunder, and burneth the chariot in the fire. He maketh wars to cease in all the world." The spread of the gospel in the hearts of our lawgivers and people, the spread of humane influences arising therefrom, is the reason why our people do not desire war. It is said indeed, I know, that the love of merchandise, and trading, and commerce, is the anchor that keeps us at rest; that our people love too well the profits accruing from the steady pursuit of the proper business of life. It would be wrong, perhaps, to deny that this exerts an influence on the minds of many; I think indeed, it does; but I am bold to say, that had we no other restraining motive but regard for our goods and possessions, that regard would prove but a feeble barrier to keep us back from rushing into strife with our neighbours. Man in the aggregate, is governed by the same principles as

man individually. And we see individuals overborne by passion, and embarking in strife, to the utter disregard of their property; the same is the case with nations, if regard for their interest be their only motive of restraint. It is true that there are many nations now at peace, abstaining from war; but how many of these are guided by the same principles. The desire of war exists, and when a favourable opportunity offers, they will try their strength; fear of defeat keeps them in check; give them, however, an even chance of success, and then lands will grow rough with bayonets and swords.

But this is not the case with England. She loves peace because she loves Him who came to preach peace. She loves peace, not so much because she loves to see her valleys decked with corn, or her ships sailing unmolested across the seas; but because the hearts of the great proportion of her people love Him who is the Prince of Peace. Christ Jesus is the Prince of Peace for many reasons: First, because he has done that that can set God and man at one again; that that can remove the curse of Eden, and restore man once more to paradise.

Because he hath removed the middle wall of partition that existed between the King and his rebel people; because, by his precious blood, he hath satisfied the demands of justice, and made it possible for all those who believe on Him, to return into the bosom of their Father. Jesus is the Prince of Peace, because he has done that for us, through which alone we can have peace with God. Prince and fountain of peace, our Saviour must be called, because of his intercession and atonement: and hence it is written, "But now in Christ Jesus, ye who sometime were afar off, are made nigh by the blood of Christ; for he is our peace," "who hath made both one, and hath broken down the middle wall of partition between us. Having abolished in his flesh the enmity, that is, the law of commandments contained in ordinances: for so to make in himself of twain, one new man, so making peace; and that he might reconcile both in one body by the cross, having slain the enmity thereby, and came and preached peace to you which were afar off, and to them that were nigh." By nature at enmity with God, through Christ we obtain peace; by nature, all humanity had before

them misery and sorrow; through Christ we may buy for ourselves joy, and peace, and contentment. Christ is, moreover, the Prince of Peace, because He not only made it possible for the human family to be at one again with God, but also, because every one that believeth on Him enjoys a proportion of the peace of God, that passeth all understanding:—because every one who is on his side has, in his heart and soul, an earnest of that perfect peace that will be enjoyed by the redeemed in the kingdom of the Father. He is the Prince of Peace, because apart from Him there can be no true peace for the soul,—no peace of a satisfying nature,—no peace that will abide the strict searching of solitary communion. I know, indeed, that men will persuade themselves that they have peace when they have no peace. The Scripture assures us of this. I know they will cry peace, when they cover "their walls with untempered mortar." I know they will cry peace, when they "add drunkenness to lust." I know they do this; yet the saying standeth true, that Jesus Christ is the Prince, and source, and only fountain of peace. From Him alone—by following Him

alone, can any one fill his soul with peace. What is it that makes men unhappy—is it poverty? No. Poor men have been, and are, happy, in spite of their poverty. Is it sickness? No. The infirm and the sick have been happy in spite of their infirmity and sickness. Is it humbleness of station?—Is it because they are not come of high estate, and are not reckoned among the great and noble of the land? No. Happiness dwells in cottages no less than in gilded halls. Is it that men are rich, and cannot be happy because of their riches? No. For rich men have been, and are known to be, happy. Is it because they are learned?—No,—or unlearned? No. None of these are the reasons why men fail of obtaining peace. It is not because of poverty, or riches, or high birth, or low birth, or learning, or the want of it:—nothing of this kind is the cause of the absence of peace in the human heart. The true reason is, my brethren, because there is sin in the heart—because there is a root of bitterness in it—because there is something within that tells us that God is against us. Sin is the cause of our unhappiness; sin, must be there-

fore, removed before we can have peace. But none but Christ—"for there is no other name"—can remove the sin. Christ Jesus is, therefore, the Prince, and source, and fountain, and origin of peace. You may search for peace, if you please, in all the ways and walks of life. Take the way of literature—read, study, ponder; spend day and night, and morning and evening—immerse yourself in study; forget the ordinary concerns of life; become completely buried in books and volumes of learning; drink deep—yea, drink to the full of what man has thought and written: do this in pursuit of happiness. Nay, more, write books yourself, and gather round your brow laurels of fame and renown: acquire such a name by your writings that wherever you go the finger of admiration will be pointed at you, and all who see you will give you the fullest and the warmest tribute of praise. Do this, as many have done before you, and will it bring you peace? If Christ Jesus be left out of the calculation it will not; for without Him there is, there can be, no peace; for He, our Lord, is the only Prince of Peace. He it is that alone can sanctify, and

bless, and render satisfactory the pursuit of human knowledge and learning. Or you may travel, in search of peace. Having failed to find it at home, perhaps you will try what other lands may do. Well, then, go first to Iceland, and sojourn among its strange, half polished people; from Iceland cross to Norway and to Russia; to Denmark and Poland; Switzerland, Austria, and Bavaria; France, and Spain, and Italy: not content with this, try ancient Greece,—walk the spots where the warlike Greeks fought for liberty and fame. View Delphos, and Parnassus, and the wide-famed Marathon. Stand where the eloquent Apostle stood and poured forth such eloquence as Athens in the palmiest days of her eloquence never heard: "Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious;" from Athens go down to Corinth where, through Paul's preaching, much people were gained for the Lord, or go up higher to Thessalonica, or higher still to Philippi, where the jailor was converted; or cross the strait and come to Troas, where Paul prolonged his preaching until midnight; go on further and visit the sites of the seven

Asiatic Churches, Churches, alas, of which even scarce a particle now remains; Ephesus, Smyrna, Pergamos, Thyatira, Sardis, Philadelphia, Laodicea, thence to Colosse, thence to Antioch; thence to the Holy Land where Christ lived and taught. Sail across the Sea of Galilee. Go down from Jerusalem to Jericho: visit Mount Calvary: walk the streets of Jerusalem: go out as far as to Bethany: leave nothing of interest unseen; from the cedars of Lebanon to the sea of the plain. And not satisfied with this, go down into Egypt, ponder over the mighty pyramids, possibly the works of the over-wrought Hebrews in the days of their slavery: look on the Red Sea, where Pharaoh and all his cavalry met a fearful end; and not wearied yet pass on further into Africa—Africa, once Christian Africa, where bishops ruled, in ancient times, many Christian Churches; none the less Bishops or Churches because God had encased their souls in tabernacles of swarthy hue; none the less eloquent Bishops and Bible Christians because their skins differed in complexion from the children of Europe; none the less Christian because the sun had looked more closely upon

them, and covered their bodies with his shadowed livery. Go through ancient Africa, so interesting to the student of the early Church; and no less interesting to the lover of our modern Churches, inasmuch as the Church of England has cast her protecting shadow there, and sent out bishops for the Christians of that land; not satisfied yet, visit the great continent of America; all her gigantic wonders; her giant lakes and rivers; leave no sight worth seeing unviewed; no spot worth visiting unexplored; then having traversed the wide, wide world, come back to the spot from whence you started, and say whether or not you had found true and lasting peace. You will say, indeed, that the objects that met your view were many and various; that you saw the human frame and human intellect under far differing aspects; that you saw Barbarian, Grecian, bond, and free; that you saw densely populated towns, and uninhabited plains; that you saw mountains covered with perpetual snow; that you saw rivers, that at every turn revealed fresh beauties; that you saw regions where the sun seldom comes, and regions where his heat is overpowering; that you saw

the vineyard of France, and the sculpture of Italy, and the steppes of Russia. You will say that you saw so many and so wonderful things; but when pressed for an answer to the question, whether you found peace for your soul or not; you will say that though you were often amused, and often gratified, and often felt the entrance of a ray of pleasure into your soul, yet you failed of obtaining lasting peace, and were as far from it when you finished your wanderings as when you commenced your journey. Yes, brethren, this will be the experience of every one who journeys and who travels without Christ in his heart, for Christ Jesus is the Prince of Peace. Or, perhaps, power will bring peace. Power is, indeed, a very great means of doing good; and good men who have power, and who use it for the good of their country, and the spread of their religion, add to their happiness by it. Power, when gained rightly, and used according to God's most Holy Word, is doubtless the cause of happiness. And the exalted one must be rendered happy who, from his higher position and higher means of doing good, can spread light and gladness through

many dwellings. When power and philanthropy and love to God go hand in hand, happy is the man who directs them. But mere power of itself, irrespective of the means by which it is gained, or the objects on which it is employed, cannot bring peace to the soul; if this were so, no despot should be unhappy, no kingly man should feel the pangs of wretchedness.

But how contrary is this to the fact. All history has declared that the head of every ungodly man is uneasy, even beneath a despot's crown. If power alone and of itself could make one happy, Solomon should have been a happy man at the time when he ruled with undisputed will. But it was not so, when he had his power and kingdom, apart from religion, to console him; when he flung aside for a time the consolations of piety and grew into a sour despot, his heart became dark within him, and he wrote upon everything he did, or heard, or saw, "Vanity of vanities." The position to which he had been elevated was only a minister to his peace so long as he guided his ways according to the ways of religion. And I might run through in

turn everything that men count beautiful, or rare, or new; everything that is supposed to confer joy and to bring happiness in its train. I might speak of every science, and every pursuit, and every human amusement. I might call them up one after the other, and compel them for once to give a true answer to the question, Do you or do you not confer peace on man? And they would answer, No; it is not in us to give an answer of peace to their souls; for peace we only give bitterness: they who would have peace must look higher, higher than earth or anything earth contains: they must lift up their eyes to heaven, to Him that sitteth between the Cherubim—to the Lord Jesus, the Prince of Peace.

And why cannot the things, pleasures, and pursuits of the world bring peace to man's soul? It is because the soul is immortal, and cannot rest satisfied with that that is mortal. It is because it feels persuaded that there is a future coming on, and it cannot have its yearnings gratified by the present. It is because, hurrying onwards to a fresh state of things, it sees how soon the present must be left and the fresh state entered upon. And it

is because the pursuit of everything earthly will bring no certainty to the soul of the attainment of the heavenly. This is a reason why men cannot be happy who know not the Gospel of Jesus; for they have no certainty of that that is to come. Without the Gospel, while they behold life, and youth, and pleasure, and learning, and riches, and fame, and power, making themselves wings, and fleeing away, they cannot promise to themselves far better things hereafter; they cannot promise to themselves the possession of delight that will never pass away. While, on the other hand, they are happy with the Gospel, for it promises most assuredly to all who are guided by it, that what they leave on earth will be replaced ten thousand fold in heaven. Christ, then, gives peace to all who believe on Him and love Him; the peace that ariseth from the fact of their being reconciled to God; a peace not indeed without trouble, but a peace in the midst of troubles; a peace begun here, and to be consummated hereafter.

Ho, ho, all therefore that want peace, let them come to Christ Jesus and learn of Him, and you will find peace for your souls. His

blood will wash out your guilt; his shadow will protect you; He will guide you with his counsel here, and afterwards lead you to glory. When a weaker nation makes peace with a stronger, it is generally at the expense of a portion of its treasures or of its territory. It is generally by being stripped of something of value—of some valuable town, or colony, or fortress. But this is not the case with those who make their peace with Christ. They are defenceless, and He gives them armour. They are naked, and He puts on them the best robe. They have no ornaments, He puts rings on their hands. They are hungry, there is killed for them the fatted calf. They are without house, He gives them a place of honour in the mansions of his Father.

Such good things does the Prince of Peace give to all who come to Him. Pray God, therefore, that you may be led to Him; that no sin may keep you back; but that you may cease to hunt for peace in things that of themselves are unsatisfying; and that you may lift your eyes to Him, our light and morning too, the giver, and forerunner, and Prince of Eternal Peace.

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APPENDIX.

Extract from an Ancient History of Scotland.—A. D. 1322.

The King (Robert) entered into England with an army, near to Carlisle, and burnt a manor-place that sometime belonged to him at Ross and Ellerdale, and spoiled the monastery at Holm, notwithstanding his father's corpse was interred there. From thence he marched forward, destroying and spoiling the country at Copeland, and so, keeping on his journey, passed Dudon Sands, towards the Abbey of Furness; but the Abbot, meeting him on the way, redeemed his lands from spoil, and brought King Robert to his house, and made to him great cheer. But yet the Scots could not hold their hands from burning and spoiling divers places, and marching forward into Cartmel, beyond Leven Sands, went and spoiled all the country about, except a Priorie of black Canons, which stood there. Passing from thence, they came to Lancaster, which town they also burnt, save the priorie of black monks, and a house of preaching friars.

EXTRACTS FROM "CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE." VOL. III. PAGE 300.

A perfect scene of the effect which this state of irreligious society produced among the lower classes, I am enabled to give from the MS. life of John Shaw, of Rotherham.

This honest divine was puritanically inclined; but there can be no exaggeration in the unvarnished facts.

He tells a remarkable story of the state of religious knowledge in Lancashire, at a place called Cartmel. Some of the people appeared desirous of religious knowledge, declaring that they were without any minister, and had entirely neglected every religious rite; and therefore requested him to quit his situation at Lymn for a short period. He may now tell his own story:—

"I found a very large spacious church; scarce any seats in it; a people very ignorant, and yet very willing to learn, so as I had frequently some thousand of hearers. I catechised in season and out of season. The church was so thronged at nine in the morning, that I had much ado to get to the pulpit. One day an old man, about sixty, sensible enough on other things, and living in the parish of Cartmel, came to me on some business. I told him that he belonged to my cure and charge, and I desired to be informed of his knowledge of religion. I asked him how many Gods there were? He said he knew not; asked him again, how he hoped to be saved? He answered, he could

not tell: he thought that was a harder question than the other. I told him that the way of salvation was by Jesus Christ—God and man—who shed his blood for us on the cross. 'Oh, Sir,' said he, 'I think I heard of the man you speak of, once in a play at Kendal, called Corpus Christi play, where there was a man on a tree, and blood ran down.' And afterwards he professed he could not remember he ever heard of salvation by Jesus Christ, but in that play."

I fear the worthy divine, in computing the numbers that attended his preaching, has made a mistake; for, when Mr. Walker, in the year 1679, numbered the people, there were not 1,400 in the whole parish.

THE following are extracts from the Torres Manuscript, in the possession of the Dean and Chapter of York:—

"*Cartmel, Pr. of St. Mary, in Com. Lanc.*:—

"*Foundation.*—*Kertmell.*—The Priory of St. Mary of Kertmell was founded for Canons of St. Augustine's, by William Marescullus, who gave thereunto his land at Kertmell, together with its church and chappells appertaining.

"*Winsterthwaites.*—Adam de Winsterthwaites released to them all the land which he held of them in Winsterthwaites;

"*Ketilstall.*—And Thomas, son of Ralph de Windeth, released to them all his land at Ketilstall and Ramswinderby.

"*Brothene.*—Elyas, son of Goditha de Stavely, gave them all his lands at Madonstales, in the town of Brothene, in Kertmell; all which King Edward the Second confirmed at Nottingham, on the 12th of November, 17 regni."

"*Balifax.—Kilros.*—William Mareschall, Earl of Pembroke, granted to these Canons also the church of Balifax, with the chapel of Balanadun, and the town of Kilros, with the advowson of its church."

"A. D. 1230.

"*Indulgence.*—Walter Grey, Abbot of York, being then at Lancaster (on his Visitation), granted an indulgence of twenty days of pardon to those who should charitably relieve with their goods the fabrick of this church of St. Mary of Kertmell.

"*Priors Elected.*—William Marshall, the founder, made the said house and Canons thereof free from all subjection to any other monastery; and at the death

of every Prior of Kertmell, appointed that the Canons should elect two of their own Fellows, and then present to him (their patron) and his heirs, that he who had his consent to be elected should be their Prior; so that whosoever should be appointed Prior, should bear the name and office of a Prior for ever. And that out of the said Priory should never be made an Abbay."

The value of this Priory of Cartmel at its dissolution was 90*l.* 6*s.* 3*d.*

ADDITIONAL PARTICULARS CONCERNING THE INCUMBENTS OF CARTMEL.

Extracted from the Register Books.

August, 1593—Baptized Thomas Parker, son of Thomas Parker, the Schoolmaster of Cartmel.

February, 1597—Buried, Maryon Parker, daughter of Thomas.

January, 1598—Baptized, Dorothy Parker, daughter of Thomas.

April, 1628—Buried, Margaret, wife of Mr. Thomas Parker, Minister of Cartmel.

December, 1633—Buried, Thomas Parker, Minister at Cartmel.

October, 1627—Baptized, Ann, daughter of Mr. Richard Tomlinson, Minister at Cartmel.

October, 1629—Baptized, Dorothy, daughter of Mr. Richard Tomlinson, Preacher at Cartmel.

May, 1632—Married, Mr. Daniel Bulfeld, Preacher of God's Word, and Dorothy Wainhouse, of Birkby.

September, 1634—Baptized, Edward, son of Mr. Daniel Bulfeld, Minister here.

September, 1635—Buried, Mr. Daniel Bulfeld, Preacher at Cartmel.

February, 1637—Married, John Brooke, Preacher at Cartmel, and Margaret Parke, of Holker.

January, 1638—Baptized, Thomas, son of Mr. John Brooke, Curate of Cartmel.

January, 1640—Buried, a child of Mr. Brooke.

January, 1642—Baptized, Margaret, daughter of Mr. John Brooke, Minister.

October, 1647—Baptized and buried, Giles, son of Mr. John Brooke, Minister of God's Word.

June, 1654—Baptized, Mary, daughter of Philip Bennett, Minister of Cartmel.

November, 1655—Baptized, Ellen, daughter of Mr. Philip Bennett, Minister of Cartmel Church.

September, 1698—Buried, Mr. John Armstrong, B.D., a pious, reverend Minister of

this parish above thirty-three years.

January, 1699—Married, Mr. Thomas Proddy, Minister of Cartmel, and Miss Bridget Fowler.

September, 1707—Buried, Mr. Thomas Proddy, Minister of this Church, middle-aged.

March, 1716—Buried, Bridget Proddy, widow of Mr. Proddy, late Minister of Cartmel.

January, 1706—Baptized, Mary, daughter of Thomas Brookbank, M.A., of Church Town.

June, 1710—Baptized, Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Brookbank, Clerk, of Church Town.

December, 1710—The above Elizabeth was buried.

February, 1713—Baptized, Ellen, daughter of Thomas Brookbank, Minister of Cartmel.

July, 1717—Baptized, William Brookbank, son of Thomas, Minister of Cartmel.

August, 1717—The same William was buried, Cartmel.

January, 1729—Edmund Petty, of Ulverstone, and Mary Brookbank were married.

February, 1732—Buried, the Rev. Mr. Thomas Brookbank, of Churchtown, Minister.

September, 1764—Buried, Elizabeth Brookbank, of

Churchtown, widow of the late Rev. Thomas.

August, 1732—Baptized, John Acterlonia Thompson, son of Mr. James, Vicar of Cartmel.

February, 1741—Buried, Rev. Mr. James Thompson, Vicar of Cartmel.

August, 1735—Baptized, Agnes Walker, daughter of Mr. James Walker, schoolmaster.

May, 1737—Baptized, Ellen Walker, daughter of James, schoolmaster.

November, 1740—Baptized, John Walker, son of Mr. James, of town.

September, 1743—Baptized, Jane Walker, daughter of Mr. James, of town.

October, 1745—Baptized, Richard, son of Rev. James Walker, schoolmaster.

March, —Buried, Grace, daughter of James Walker, Minister.

September, 1770—Buried, Mary, daughter of James Walker, Clerk.

February, 1781—Buried, Rev. James Walker, Minister of Cartmel.

INCUMBENTS OF THE CHAPELS IN THE PARISH.

FLOOKBURGH CHAPEL.

December, 1719—George Bateman, of Flookburgh, Reader, forty-six years, was buried.

December, 1724—Rev. Mr. Richard Hudson, Curate of Flookburgh, and Miss Margaret Eely, of the Green, were married.

September, 1727—Rev. Mr. Richard Hudson was buried.

September, 1742—Rev. Richard Sandys was removed to Staveley. Rev. Thos. Field was appointed, on the removal of Mr. Sandys.

September, 1771—Rev. Richard Fell was appointed, on the death of Mr. Field.

April, 1803—Charles Bristed was appointed on the death of Mr. Fell.

May, 1822—The Rev. William Rigg was appointed, and is the present Incumbent.

LINDALE CHAPEL.

August, 1625—Lawrence Newton and Eliza Machon, of Cartmel Fell, were married.

August, 1627—Mary, daughter of Lawrence Newton, Reader at Lindell Chapel, was baptized.

October, 1631—Lawrence Newton was buried.

February, 1635—John Garnett, minister at Lindale, was buried.

September, 1701—Mr. Hugh Dobson, Reader at Lindale, was buried.

September, 1709—Mr. Fenton appears to have been the minister.

May, 1720—Edward Mackereth, Reader at Lindale Chapel, was buried.

March, 1735—Margaret, daughter of Mr. John Hunter, Curate of Lindale, was baptized.

September, 1742—John Fletcher was appointed Mr. Hunter's successor.

November, 1786—Rev. John Branmell was appointed.

December, 1811—Rev. William Jackson was appointed.

July, 1815—Rev. Anthony Barrow was appointed.

March, 1834—Rev. James Slatter was appointed.

August, 1844—Rev. James Pollitt was appointed.

December, 1845—Rev. James Young was appointed, and is the present Incumbent.

STAVELEY CHAPEL.

August, 1618—Ann, daughter of Henrie Longmire, Reader at Staveley, was baptized.

Mr. Gabriel Camelford was ejected from Staveley in 1662, and died 1680.

May, 1673—Edward Russell, Staveley, Reader, was buried.

March, 1742—Mr. Edmund Law, Curate of Staveley forty-nine years, was buried.

Mr. Law was father of Edmund Law, afterwards Bishop of Carlisle, whose eldest son, John, became Bishop of Elphin, while his third son, Edward, was created Baron Ellenborough, and his fifth son, George Henry, became Bishop of Bath and Wells.

Richard Sandys was appointed Mr. Law's successor.

August, 1772—Rev. Martin Wilson Lamb was appointed.

December, 1828—Rev. Edmund Townley, the present Incumbent, was appointed.

FIELD BROUGHTON CHAPEL.

June, 1736—Rev. Thomas Field was appointed.

June, 1743—Rev. Myles Dickenson was appointed.

May, 1804—Rev. Wm. Jackson was licensed.

September, 1813—Rev. Philip Knipe was appointed.

August, 1829—Rev. Wm. Wilson was appointed.

CARTMEL-FELL CHAPEL.

Buried, 1699—John Macdonnell, of Cartmel-Fell, Clerk.

September, 1700—Mention is made of Mr. Myles, Reader of Cartmel-Fell.

December, 1700—Rev. Jonah Walker was appointed; Rev. Wm. Danson came after Jonah Walker.

December, 1778—Rev. John Birkett was nominated.
October, 1781—Rev. Thomas Clerke.
May, 1790—Rev. John Allanby.
November, 1827—Rev. William Wilson.
November, 1829—Rev. Robert Blackburne Cockerton, the present Incumbent.

GRANGE.

1853—Rev. Wilson Rigg, first Incumbent.

THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL OF CARTMEL deserves some notice.

The date of the foundation of this School is unknown. It is stated in a paper, bearing date August 16, 1696, that "there hath been time out of mind the use of 60*l.* given to a schoolmaster formerly teaching in the church, which hath since been continued to the Grammar-school; and it appears from the same paper, that a part of the old Priory, called the tower, was purchased of Mr. Preston for 30*l.* by the inhabitants of Cartmel for a schoolhouse, about the year 1624."

The school was held in this place, until the year 1790, when the room was sold, and a new house built with the produce of the sale, and by subscription. The government of the school is vested in the sidesmen of the parish, who appoint a master when a vacancy occurs. There appears to have been some

change made, within recent years, in the quarterage paid by the pupils.

The Commissioners reported in 1820: "The school is free to all the children of the parish who can read the New Testament. They are taught English, Latin, Greek, geography and the use of the globes, free of expense; but a quarterage of 7*s.* 6*d.* is paid for writing, and 10*s.* if accounts are taught also. This seems to have been the ancient practice. There is also usually, a gratuity paid at Shrovetide, called a Cock-penny: this is merely gratuitous, and cannot be demanded. The payment varies from one shilling to a guinea, which is the highest. The children of respectable parents are also expected to pay a guinea on entrance, the children of the poor pay nothing but the Cock-penny."

This was according to the report of the Commissioners in 1820, but at present a quarterage of 2*s.* is all that is paid.

This is scarcely a change for the better, although it has the appearance of lessening the expense of education. The benefits arising from this school would be more appreciated, if the rate of payment were increased. A graduated scale might be adopted with advantage. In King's Somborne National School, the following scale is adopted:—

"For the children of labourers 2*d.* per week for one child, and 1*d.* for every additional child, these payments to be made in advance, on the Monday morning.

"Children of farmers, tradesmen, and others to pay

by the quarter: 6*s*. per quarter, for those whose parents reside in the parish, and 10*s*. for those who do not."

And if to these were added a higher rate for children of a higher class, it would manifestly tend to improve the school.

Some very intelligent individuals, well acquainted with the wants of this neighbourhood, have expressed to me their conviction that, if a class could be formed in connexion with Cartmel Grammar School, for the purpose of learning agriculture, practically and theoretically, it would be a movement that would be hailed with great pleasure and thankfulness by the neighbourhood. And Cartmel seems particularly adapted, and the Grammar School seems particularly adapted, for such a purpose. The land belonging to the school would answer admirably for the purpose of training. Such a step would surely be highly remunerative.

The following are the names of the Masters of this school, as many as are known :—

Rev. Thomas Parker, minister of the church, was also schoolmaster. He was appointed about 1589, and died in 1633.

The next schoolmaster, traces of whom I discovered, is Mr. William Robinson. In 1661 a son of his was baptized.

Mr. Rowland Johnson was admitted schoolmaster in 1666, ordained deacon, 1671; and filled the offices of reader, parish clerk, and schoolmaster, until November, 1711.

The Rev. George Carleton was appointed 1712; died 1714.

Mr. John Towers was appointed 1714.

Robert Roskell.

Mr. William Trant, A.B., was appointed on the resignation of Mr. Roskell, 1723. Mr. Roskell was one of the Board that examined his own successor. Mr. Wm. Trant having resigned, his brother John was elected, 1726.

The Rev. James Walker was appointed on the death of Mr. J. T., 1734.

Rev. James Birkett was appointed, on Mr. Walker's resignation, 1768.

Mr. William Taylor succeeded in 1790.

Rev. Henry Thompson succeeded in 1822.

The present master, Mr. Snowden, was appointed by the sidesmen, Nov. 13, 1844. He is a Graduate of Oxford, and with regard to knowledge of the ancient classics, he is "Homo factus ad unguem."

The tower above alluded to, and some buildings in Barngarth, and the house at present occupied by Mr. Robert Bigland, near the west-end of the Church, are the only buildings remaining of those that formerly belonged to the Church and Priory. Within the memory of man, the sitting rooms of Mr. Bigland's house were in the same state as when occupied by the ancient ecclesiastics, and several old walls are still standing in it. The tower which is reared over

an archway (the ancient gateway) was connected with the Church by a subterranean passage, traces of which may still be seen.

Slight remains of the wall that surrounded the Priory grounds may still be seen. Looking from the summit of the Church tower on the adjacent country, viewing in imagination the wall that enclosed the ancient possessions of the friars of Cartmel, and contrasting their peaceful security, hedged in by strong walls and religious veneration, it must be confessed that there were great allurements held out in these distant times to draw men of gentle character and studious minds within the shelter of a monastery; but while finding quiet for themselves they should not have neglected their ignorant countrymen: possessing knowledge, they should have spread it on all sides (for knowledge they certainly had when compared with the other population), and have taught the people instead of leaving them in their original darkness. Had they done this, the constant occupation provided by it would have prevented them from becoming enervated with laziness, and would have rolled back the tide of licentiousness that too generally overspread religious houses at the time of their dissolution.

If all the priories of the kingdom evinced the same desire for educating the people as the Church of England does in the present day, they would have gone down to posterity as time-honoured institutions. And had all those men who retired into monasteries laboured diligently to preach the Gospel of Christ,

their teaching would have had the effect of spreading principles of gentleness and peace throughout all the land, and of rendering the places beyond the monasteries as quiet and secure as the monastic buildings themselves. But as it was, they were selfish: eschewing the labour, or disliking, through fondness of spiritual power, the principle of evangelizing the people. They became, for the most part, of the earth, earthy, and became so obnoxious that their overthrow followed almost as a matter of course. And it does seem a strange thing that any body of people could have existed, calling themselves after the name of our blessed Redeemer, and professing themselves teachers of religion who should have exerted themselves to the utmost to keep their fellow-beings in darkness. This was not the course of Christ Jesus. The people emphatically so called, were his constant care. From the ship, on the mountain's side, in the Temple, in the Synagogue, nay, everywhere, He conveyed to them instruction.

And this conduct of the monks of old appears the more strange, for had they extended the benefits of education, they would have enlarged the number of learned men, and therefore would have had a larger number of congenial companions. But I am forgetting. These monks were disciples of Rome: and the well-known principles of Rome are to exalt as high as possible the priesthood, and to depress to the lowest the lay members of the population.

The following legend respecting the monks of Cartmel may be properly enough introduced here.

It is taken from the "Lonsdale Magazine," a publication no longer carried on:—

"Better than six hundred years since, some monks came over from another country; and finding all this part of the kingdom covered with wood, resolved to build a monastery in some part of the forest. In their rambles they found a hill which commanded a prospect so beautiful, and so extensive, that they were quite charmed with it. They marked out a piece of ground on the summit of this hill, and were preparing to build the Church, when a voice spoke to them out of the air saying, '*Not there, but in a valley between two rivers, where the one runs north, and the other south.*' Astonished at this strange command, they marvelled where the valley could be; for they had never seen a valley where two rivers run in contrary directions. They set out to seek this singular valley, and travelled through all the North of England, but in vain. Wearied with their fruitless search, they were returning to the hill where they heard the strange voice. In their way back they had to cross the valley, at that time entirely covered with wood. They came at length to a small river, the stream of which ran north. They waded through it, and in about one hundred yards they found another, the stream of which ran south. They measured the distance between the rivers, and placed the Church in the middle, upon a little island of hard ground, in the midst of a morass.

"The church they dedicated to St. Mary. They also built a small chapel on the hill where they had heard

the voice, which they dedicated to St. Bernard. The chapel is long since destroyed, but the hill still goes by the name of Bernard. . . . . The streams remain unto this day, but it seems likely that the position of the church between the streams gave rise in after times to the tale above related."

On the seats in the stalls of the chancel there are some curious devices :—

SOUTH SIDE.

On the 1st seat, the letters "W. W.," being the initials of the names of the first Prior.

„ 2d „ A representation of the Trinity—three faces on one head.

„ 3d „ A pelican, representing, I think, the Redeemer shedding his blood for mankind.

„ 4th „ An angel with wings, and hands upon his breast.

„ 5th „ A very strange-looking face.

„ 6th „ A mermaid, with mirror and comb.

„ 7th „ A man with a dragon biting his heels, while his other foot is firmly planted on the head of another dragon; evidently alluding to the words contained in Gen. iii. 15.

„ 8th „ A winged beast.

„ 9th „ A peacock with tail spread.

„ 10th „ A bird with an ear of Indian corn in its mouth.

On the 11th seat, Two birds picking Indian corn from a vessel.
„ 12th „ A very repulsive human face.
„ 13th „ A bit of fancy carving.

SOUTH SIDE.

On the 1st seat, A lamb at an altar.
„ 2d „ A plant.
„ 3d „ A very hideous face.
„ 4th „ The ancient seat has disappeared.
„ 5th „ A bird.
„ 6th „ A man's face.
„ 7th „ A flower.
On the 8th seat, The letters "W. W."—Three greyhounds hunting a hare, and a hedgehog. The poor hare has lost an ear. Perhaps the monks hunted for pleasure or for profit, or perhaps for both.
„ 9th „ A very curious head.
„ 10th „ Elephant and castle.
„ 11th „ Fancy carving.
„ 12th „ A bird with wings spread out.
„ 13th „ A fancy piece.

In addition to the main figures on the seats, there are minor ones on each side of the main figures. I have not alluded to these above, except in No. 8 of South Side.

The following are the names of those who are registered as drowned in the Cartmel Burial Registers. It may not prove uninteresting as showing to some extent the number of deaths from drowning that occur in crossing the Sands of Morecambe Bay:—

Date when buried.

September, 1576—One young man was buried, who was drowned in the broad water.

August, 1577—One little man, round-faced, was buried, who was drowned at Grange.

August, 1582—Was buried, a son of Leonard Rawlinson, of Furness Fell, drowned at the Grange the 28th day of July.

August, 1606—Jerome Barrow, of Allithwaite, who was drowned in Windermere Water.

December, 1606—Anne Hawkes, of Warton, drowned on Cartmel Sands.

March, 1607—William Hirson, drowned on Kents Sands.

September, 1609—Nicholas Turner, of Crosthwaite, drowned beneath Humphry Head.

March, 1611—John Darbye, who was drowned on Kents Sands.

February, 1612—John Fell, son of Augustine, of Birkbet, drowned on Conishead Sands.

November, 1612—James Casson, of Walton, who was drowned on Kents Sands.

Date when buried.

January, 1613—John Dodshon, of Woodlane, drowned on Conishead Sands.

September, 1615—Robert Frearson, of Forness Fell, drowned on Kents Sands.

May, 1620—Christopher Fell, son of James of Kirket End, who was drowned.

January, 1621—Edward Barber, son of Walter, of Barber-green, drowned.

April, 1624—Agnes, daughter of William Barrow, drowned.

December, 1627—Matthew Staines, of Flookburgh, drowned in Cark Beck.

January, 1629—Thomas Wilson, jun., drowned on Cark Sands.

January, 1630—Peter Goodsent, drowned.

January, 1636—Richard Simpson, drowned.

July, 1636—James, son of Richard Sands of Staveley, drowned in Windermere Water.

February, 1641—Thomas Baisley, of Milnthorpe, and Hester Higgin, of same place, drowned both.

April, 1645—Edward, son of George Cowper, drowned.

February, 1649—John Taylor, of Green, drowned.

January, 1666—John Fisher, of Whitehaven, drowned on the Sands.

July, 1669—Edward, son of Robert Wilson, of the forest of Wyersdale, drowned on Lancaster Sands.

Date when buried.

July, 1705—James Fell, a poor apprentice at Grange, drowned on Furness Sands.

August, 1706—Anthony Boulcock, officer for salt, drowned on Furness Sands.

June, 1707—Richard Atkinson, of Churchtown, servant, drowned.

May, 1708—Elizabeth Bush, daughter of Richard, of Godderside, infant, drowned.

September, 1708—Thomas Ferbank, of Dondron, drowned on Furness Sands.

September, 1713—Mr. Robert Hide, Excise officer at Ulverston, drowned.

September, 1714—Wm. Bencroft, of Belfast, drowned on Lancaster Sands, going to London, soldier.

October, 1718—John Frears, of Grange, sailor; William Sands, of Church Town, sailor; Mathew Towers, of Church Town, servant:—These three were drowned at the same time.

June, 1721—James White, of Church Town, drowned near Hysham.

May, 1722—Thomas Woodburn, of Greenhurst; William Muckalt, of Broughton: both drowned in Bigland Tarn.

July, 1722—William Rigg, son of George, of Birkby, drowned near Perl.

May, 1726—Francis Bowers, of Church Town, drowned on Lancaster Sands.

Date when buried.

July, 1728—Richard Walker, of Allithwaite, drowned on Ulverston Sands.

October, 1728—James Braithwaite, of Lindale; George Barker, of Lindale, drowned on Furness Sands.

November, 1728—Roger Par, of Lancaster, drowned near Grange, with two others.

January, 1729—Mary Muckalt, of Allithwaite, widow, drowned on Milnthrop Sands.

July, 1733—Thomas Preston, of Stavely, bachelor, drowned in Windermere Water.

July, 1733—Sarah Britton, of Grange, drowned on Ulverston Sands.

August, 1733—Francis Briggs, son of William of Urswick, drowned on Ulverston Sands.

January, 1734—Robert Shaw, son of Richard, of Flookburgh, drowned.

July, 1734—William Dixon, of Ulverston, drowned.

June, 1735—Robert Bell, of Dowthron, drowned.

January, 1739—Robert Jackson, of Fidler Haw, drowned.

June, 1746—Robert Walker, of Over Newton, drowned on Ulverston Sands.

January, 1751—John Goad, of Allithwaite, drowned or killed by a fall at Lindale.

December, 1753—Henry Leith, drowned on Lancaster Sands.

Date when buried.

July, 1755—A woman found dead on the sands, name unknown.

December, 1755—Nathan Morland, drowned on Ulverston Sands.

December, 1758—Alexander Coultram, and William Rain, drowned, sloop lost.

April, 1764—James Wilson, of Dixes, drowned at Low-wood.

July, 1764—William Eady, a sailor, drowned on Ulverston Sands.

December, 1766—William Garnett, of Lindale, drowned on Lancaster Sands.

March, 1767—William Wegnall, of Hesket Bank, drowned from a flat.

October, 1772—James Cathril Whitener, drowned crossing sands.

January, 1780—William Saul, of Lower Holker, drowned on the sand.

March, 1782—Robert Harrison, son of Thomas, drowned on Lancaster sands.

October, 1789—William Garlick, drowned on Lancaster Sands.

August, 1790—William Sattam, of London, drowned upon the sands.

September, 1791—Robert Ashburner, drowned near Cartmel.

March, 1793—A drowned man, name unknown.

June, 1796—Mary Danson, of Frith, drowned.

October, 1800—John Atkinson, Mireside, drowned.

Date when buried.

August, 1802—Joshua Gaugh, Cark Cotton-mill, drowned.

August, 1803—Thomas Floride, Cark Cotton-mill, drowned.

July, 1804—Thomas Kellett, miller, Osmotherly, drowned.

April, 1806—Edward Bowskill, Hill, drowned.

June, 1816—A boy drowned on Lancaster Sands, name unknown.

September, 1817—Miles Halhead, Allithwaite, drowned on Lancaster Sands.

March, 1818—A man found upon the sand near Winder, supposed to have been drowned. In his pocket-book was written, R. Roberd.

October, 1825—William Shaw, drowned on Lancaster Sands.

October, 1825—John Shaw, father of the above, drowned, same time.

June, 1827—Dominica Curatto, a native of Genoa, found drowned on the Sands.

September, 1828—Thomas Halton, found drowned on the Sands.

April, 1831—Man found drowned on the sands, name and abode unknown.

October, 1833—Richard Bayliff, drowned in the Mill-dam, at Cark.

March, 1834—William Sephton, drowned.

October, 1837—Elizabeth Astley Crooks, found drowned on the sands.

Date when buried.

November, 1838—James Harvey, Holme Island, found drowned on the sands.

January, 1839—Man found drowned, name unknown.

September, 1839—James Ireland, Sisergh, drowned on the sands.

June, 1841—James Howarth, found drowned on Ulverston Sands.

June, 1843—John Gardner, drowned out of a boat near Amerside Hill.

October, 1844—Edward Charnock, Carke, found drowned on sands.

October, 1844—John Moore, of Flookburgh, drowned on the sands.

June 7, 1846—William Anson, Jane Sephton, Henry Guy Croasdell, of Cartmel; John Brooks, of Holker; Thomas Stephenson, Thomas Moore, Robert Benson, Ellen Inman, Jane Inman, of Flookburgh;—drowned together on Ulverston Sands, in returning from Ulverston Whitsuntide fair. They were in one cart, and the cart fell into a hole, and all perished.

These unfortunate individuals, nine in number, were returning from Ulverston fair, about eleven o'clock on the night in question, in a cart belonging to Thomas Moore, of Flookburgh, fishmonger. They passed the channel safely, and while crossing it were

observed by others following in the same direction, who suddenly lost sight of them. No alarm was given until next morning, when one who had seen them disappear so quickly, becoming anxious about them, went in the direction of the spot where they had last been seen after having crossed the channel, and to his horror he perceived some bodies, and the horse and cart on the bank of the hole into which they had fallen. By two o'clock in the afternoon all the bodies were recovered, and conveyed to their respective homes. Inquests were held, and a verdict in each case was returned of "Found drowned." They were interred, the following Sunday, in Cartmel churchyard. It was a most solemn and affecting day. At two o'clock the church bells commenced to ring muffled peals, and continued at intervals until six o'clock, it being that time before the last corpse was lowered to its grave. The concourse of spectators was immense—from 1200 to 1500 are supposed to have been present. All testified, by their solemnity and discourse, how deeply they felt for the dead and their relatives. It was reported soon after the accident, that some of the party were intoxicated; but this report was proved to be altogether false by one of the witnesses at the inquests,—one who had conversed with them shortly before the sad event occurred.

Thomas Moore and Ellen Inman were on the eve of being married one to the other. They had bought that day the wedding garments, &c. Let us hope that the words David applied to his friends were applicable to them,—"They were lovely and pleasant

in their lives, and in their death they were not divided."

Date when buried.

February, 1848—Myles Burton, drowned on the sands.

December, 1849—John Johnson, of Allithwaite, drowned on the sands.

February, 1852—Jonathan Caddy, Greenbank, drowned December 24, returning from Ulverston.

July, 1853—James Winder, Burner Close drowned at Grange.

July, 1853—Jonathan Barker Turner, drowned while bathing at Grange.

A YOUTH LEFT CARTMEL IN 1852, AND DIED IN A FOREIGN LAND.

THE following lines were written to express his feelings :—

To thee, dear ancient Cartmel, I now must say farewell,
Thou must no longer keep me, thou fortress, in the fell.
I must leave thee, I must leave thee, thou fair and lovely vale,
But though I leave thee, I assure thee, my love shall never pale.

I must leave thee, but though distant, I will love thee
dearly still;
I will love thy noble priory, thy mountains, and thy rill;
I will love thy limestone crags, thy birds, and stones, and
bowers,
Thy many goodly trees, thy rare and lovely flowers.

I have looked upon thy priory in sweet and deep emotion,
As the sun in the early morning uprising from the ocean
Hastened to greet its walls with all its lustrous power,
When no dark and jealous cloud poured down its murky
shower.

I have seen thy church's windows lit with the golden ray,
The eastern and the western at each extreme of day:
In the morning and the evening these appear in richest
grace,
The southern when the sun has gained his midday race.

I have seen the noble window that fronts the morning
light,
Shadowed by its ash tree into many a fairy sight;
One could fancy, as the sunbeams came down in lustrous
wave,
That the shadows on the window opened up some fairy
cave.

I have walked along thy shore and gathered pebbles as the
tide
Rolled up and down its waters in all their fury's pride;
I have walked along thy shore from Flookburgh on
to Grange,
Where every sight was beauteous as far as eye could range.

I have sauntered thro' the woods that adorn Holken Park;
I have been gladden'd by the deer, and the pheasant, and the lark;
I have gathered a fair nosegay of wild and mountain flowers;
I have sheltered me beneath the leaf-surrounded bowers.

I have lingered 'neath the cliff of towering Humphry Head,
Near which, as the story runs, some of Iron Cromwell's lead
Rushed from musket and from cannon in days now past away,
To humble their gallant foemen in the antient home of Wray.

I have clamber'd with delight to the hospice on the fell,
From whence the eye may sweep across the distant hill and dell;
And more than twenty churches on a clear and cloudless day
Scattered round their "Delos" the firth of Morecambe Bay.

On the rocks that erst were molten, wrapt in wonder I have stood,
Whose strange aspect would remind one of the burning mountain's flood—
Which gushing, madly boiling from the furnace of its birth,
Cools, with open seams, upon the surface of the earth.

I have gazed on this in silence, and my thoughts have turned me back
To those conjectural ages when great monsters left their track

Upon rocks and upon islands, in caverns and in dens,
As they rush'd in search of pasture through the marshes and the fens.

I have seen, in addition, much more in Cartmell dell,
Sights that will imprint themselves though now I say farewell!
Down, deeply on my heart, like the writing in the rock—
Deeply, deeply written, to be shaken by no shock.

But now the scene is changing, I'm seeking other climes;
And while my heart is speaking in these very simple rhymes
I lay to my soul this comfort—this balmy consolation—
Suggested by God's Word, and holy meditation.

True, the world is filled with changes, what's pleasant we must leave—
And the sweetest, and the fairest, no matter how we grieve;
We can't control God's providence: we must bow before his rule,
Unless we would be pointed at and called the Psalmist's fool.

We must bow before his sceptre, if our love be true and good;
We must bend in meek submission to the wisdom of our God.
But doing this need fill us with neither grief nor sorrow;
For the thick darkness of to-day may be brightness on the morrow.

In his Providence He leads us from what we love and prize,
But He has a better and a brighter in his mansion in the skies;—
Yes, a better and a brighter than the fairest scenes of earth,
Than the choicest of earth's scenery, of its beauty, of its mirth.

This reflection, then, consoles me, thou dear Cartmel in the fell;
While with gushing heart and weeping eye I call the sad farewell:—
It consoles me thus to think to what e'en fallen man may rise;
Let us love then, let us love then, the mansion in the skies.

Let us love it, let us love it, for this will never change;
Look we on into the future as far as mind can range.
And fixity is written on it—it is for ever and for ever:
Let us love it, let us love it, and thank the mighty Giver.

A DEAR FRIEND CONTRIBUTED THESE VERSES, EXPRESSLY COMPOSED FOR THIS BOOK.

Oh beautiful valley, so sweetly reposing
'Neath the shade of these mountains so grandly imposing,
Thy meads clad in em'rald, thy yellow corn waving,
And thy noble old oaks blasts of centuries braving;
Thy silvery brooks, too, so placidly streaming;
And God's gorgeous sunshine o'er all this is beaming.

Oh, I love thee, sweet valley—thy fields and thy brooks,
Thy hills and thy woods, and familiar old nooks;
And thy time-honoured pile to Jehovah's praise rear'd,
Where our world-wearied bosoms are strengthened and cheered.
Oh! it towers in the midst like a monarch that's flinging
Its shield o'er the homes that around it are clinging.

In those sweet homes are friends, oh, how dear to my soul,
Tho' between us an ocean's wild billows should roll;
As with adamant graved on my "heart of hearts," still
Be those friends and that spot to my bosom's last thrill:
Kind hearts there are in it, warmed with friendship sincere,
A gem that is precious from peasant as peer.

There are noble hearts, too, bravely battling for life,
Treading duty's stern paths, and the world's surging strife;
For they know, the high hand that has formed this sweet spot
Has chosen for each one his duties, his lot:
With this glorious thought guiding, no bitter blasts foil,
For heaven grants its boon to the hopeful one's toil.

May sweet sympathy's silver cord ever be twined
Round each heart, and this vale in one grand union bind:
While those kind, noble hearts that are dwelling around
Help their travel-worn brother who sinks to the ground;
And may slander's dark venom for ever be crushed,
And the breath of unkindness by love's whisper hushed.

Oh, then, if in this world we may Paradise see,
Surely this is the spot where its beauties must be.
My fervent prayer is, While life lasts may God bless you;
And when earth's fairest paradise fades from your view,
May earth's great Creator spread before you above,
His Paradise endless, his mansions of love.

ERRATUM.

Page 80, sixth line from foot, *instead of* "there must be a *mind*," *read*, "there must be a *move*."

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

THE CHRISTIAN'S DREAM

AT THE

FOOT OF JACOB'S LADDER:

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